Vol. CXLI. No. 1839.

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THE BYSTANDER March 15, 1939.

The BYSTANDER

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THEATRES

Straight Plays

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud does justice to Dodie Smith's family portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DESIGN FOR LIVING.—Noel Coward's triangle makes bright entertainment; Rex Harrison delightfully at home, Diana Wynyard and Anton Walbrook not quite: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.—The Mask Theatre company in Shaw's jibe at the medical profession: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30 (Last week).

AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE.—Guthrie's production of Ibsen, cast headed by Roger Livesey, Edward Chapman, and Ursula Jeans: Old Vic (not Mon.), 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Cheap seats to see the hilarious comedy from the Criterion: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAS LIGHT.—An excellent psychological thriller; Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as Dennis Arundell's tortured wife, Milton Rosmer to the rescue: Apollo, 8.30. Tues. Sat., 2.30.

GENEVA.—Shaw's newest play is topical and stimulatingly Shavian; Cecil Trouncer, Donald Wolfit, Ernest Thesiger: St. James', 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOODNESS, HOW SAD!—Title explains this slight, jolly episode from a stage career; Jill Furse and Hugh Sinclair head a good cast: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE JEALOUS GOD.—Benn Levy's comedy is quite good entertainment, but does not face up to its subject; Constance Cummings, Irene Vanbrugh: Lyric, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

LITTLE LADYSHIP.—An improbable plot of a married girl who goes back to school is made good entertainment by Lilli Palmer and Cecil Parker: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE MOTHER.—Karel Capek's last and most moving play, with Louise Hampton in the name-part: Garrick, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NUMBER SIX.—Gordon Harker, Franklyn Dyall, Rosalyn Boulter in an Edgar Wallace thriller: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan are the centre of a refreshing, humorous little matrimonial upheaval: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—St. John Ervine's play about a parson married to a doctor; Owen Nares and Edith Evans; popular prices: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM FOR TWO.—Elsie Randolph, Hugh Wakefield, Henry Kendall in a bedroom comedy: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THEY WALK ALONE.—A play with obvious faults provides nevertheless melodramatic thrills by Beatrix Lehmann as a homicidal maid: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TO LOVE AND TO CHERISH.—Laidman Browne, Lydia Sherwood, Mary Jones, in an interesting but not enthralling play about marriage and divorce: Kingsway, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

TONY DRAWS A HORSE.—Good light entertainment at the expense of Lilian Braithwaite's respectability, outraged by Diana Churchill: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

WE AT THE CROSS ROADS.—Keith Winter's new play has an excellent cast and is well worked out on a Barrie-esque theme that can deeply impress or greatly irritate: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—An excellent *soufflé* at the expense of Yorkshire marriage and morals; Priestley's sly points driven home by a strong cast: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

WORTH A MILLION.—Edmund Gwenn and Claude Hulbert deserve a better farce than this: Saville, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

BLACK AND BLUE.—Called an intimate rag, this variety has Frances Day and Vic Oliver topping the bill: Hippodrome, 6.30 and 9.

THE GATE REVUE.—Walter Crisham and Hermione Gingold head the cast in this Christmas piece turned perennial: Ambassadors, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

March 15—March 21

MAGYAR MELODY.—An efficient supply of Continental romance in old-world Hungary from Binnie Hale, Roger Treville: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

REVUDEVILLE No. 117.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

"Der Rosenkavalier"

Ronald Stear is Baron Ochs and Joan Cross is Die Feldmarschallin in the Strauss opera, first produced at Sadler's Wells last Wednesday, and to be given for the third time on Friday

Variety

VARIETIES, or what Americans call revues, can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9); the Adelphi (6.25 and 9); and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

First Nights

DRACULA.—A revival at popular prices of Bram Stoker's famous thriller: Winter Garden, Mon., 20th.

THE FAMILY REUNION.—T. S. Eliot's play in verse has the Westminster permanent company, plus Michael Redgrave: Westminster, Tues., 21st.

CINEMAS

CAFÉ SOCIETY (American).—Fred MacMurray, Madeleine Carroll in a tale of spoiled darlings at play: Plaza.

CHARLIE CHAN IN HONOLULU (American).—Sydney Toller and Phyllis Brookes are the stars. Also ALWAYS IN TROUBLE, with Jane Withers, Jean Rogers, Arthur Treacher: Regal.

THE DAWN PATROL (American).—Basil Rathbone, Errol Flynn and David Niven in a thrilling account of the R.F.C.'s war activities: Warner.

FOUR DAUGHTERS (American).—With the Lane Girls. And Will Hay in OLD BONES OF THE RIVER: Tivoli.

GENS DU VOYAGE (French).—Françoise Rosay, Marie Glory in a circus film by Jacques Feyder: Academy.

GUNGA DIN (American).—Fairbanks Junior, McLaglen, Cary Grant in a welter of Kipling spirit in India: Gaumont.

I MET A MURDERER (British).—Melodrama with an English countryside setting, and James Mason and Pamela Kellino as stars: Marble Arch Pavilion.

KING OF THE TURF (American).—Adolphe Menjou in a rich part with a racecourse background: London Pavilion.

MARTHE RICHARD—AU SERVICE DE LA FRANCE (French).—A true spy story, with Edwige Feuillère and Erich von Stroheim: Berkeley.

THE PATRIOT (French).—Harry Baur, Pierre Renoir, Suzy Prim in the Jannings' film story about Tsar Paul I. re-made: Studio One.

SO THIS IS LONDON (British).—With Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare: New Gallery.

SON OF FRANKENSTEIN (American).—Bela Lugosi, Boris Karloff, Basil Rathbone, and all Hollywood's ingenuity in another horror-striker: Leicester Square.

STAND UP AND FIGHT.—Robert Taylor as a tough guy shares honours with Wallace Beery and Lynne Carver: Empire.

STOLEN LIFE (British).—A lovely, romantic film, delicately photographed and well acted by Elisabeth Bergner and Michael Redgrave: Carlton.

TOPPER TAKES A TRIP (American).—Crazy comedy made crazier by ghosts, with Constance Bennett and Roland Young: Odeon, from Monday, 20th.

TROIS VALSES (French).—From a successful play, this film tells the story of three generations' loves; Yvonne Printemps, Pierre Fresnay: Curzon.

THE WARE CASE (British).—Great acting by Clive Brook as a charming villain; also Jane Baxter and Barry Barnes: Odeon (Last days).

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

THE SNOW MAIDEN.—To-night, 7.45.

CARNAVAL, APPARITIONS, FAÇADE.—Thurs., 16th, 8.30.

DER ROSENKAVALIER.—Fri., 17th, 7.45.

LES SYLPHIDES, GODS GO A-BEGGING, LAC DES CYGNES III.—Sat., 18th, 2.30.

AÏDA.—Sat., 18th, 7.45.

EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES, CHECKMATE, HARLEQUIN IN THE STREET.—Tues., 21st, 8.30.

MUSIC

Orchestral

B.B.C.—Hindemith's "Mathis the Painter" has its first English performance; Clarence Raybould conducts: Queen's Hall, to-night, 15th, 8.

BEECHAM SATURDAY CONCERT.—The L.P.O. in a programme which includes Brahms' Violin Concerto in D (Huberman) and Walton's Viola Concerto (Frederick Riddle): Queen's, Sat., 18th, 3.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—The L.P.O. in a mixed programme with Beethoven's 1st Symphony, Grétry's Flute Concerto (René Le Roy): Covent Garden, Sun., 19th, 3.15.

L.S.O. SUNDAY "POP."—Charles Hambourg conducts, Moiseiwitch plays, Tchaikowsky's Piano Concerto in B flat: Queen's Hall, Sun., 19th, 3.15.

LATVIAN CHOIR.—Conducted by Teodoro Reiters: Queen's Hall, Mon., 20th, 8.30.

LONDON SYMPHONIC PLAYERS.—Herbert Menges conducts Prokofieff and Schubert symphonies, Spohr's Violin Concerto No. 8 (Isolde Menges): Aeolian Hall, Mon., 20th, 9.

Recitals

ETHEL BARTLETT and RAE ROBERTSON.—Two-piano recital: Wigmore Hall, Thurs., 16th, 8.30.

MYRA HESS.—Bach, Schubert, Beethoven, Chopin; in aid of the Lord Baldwin Fund for Refugees: Wigmore Hall, Sat., 18th, 3.

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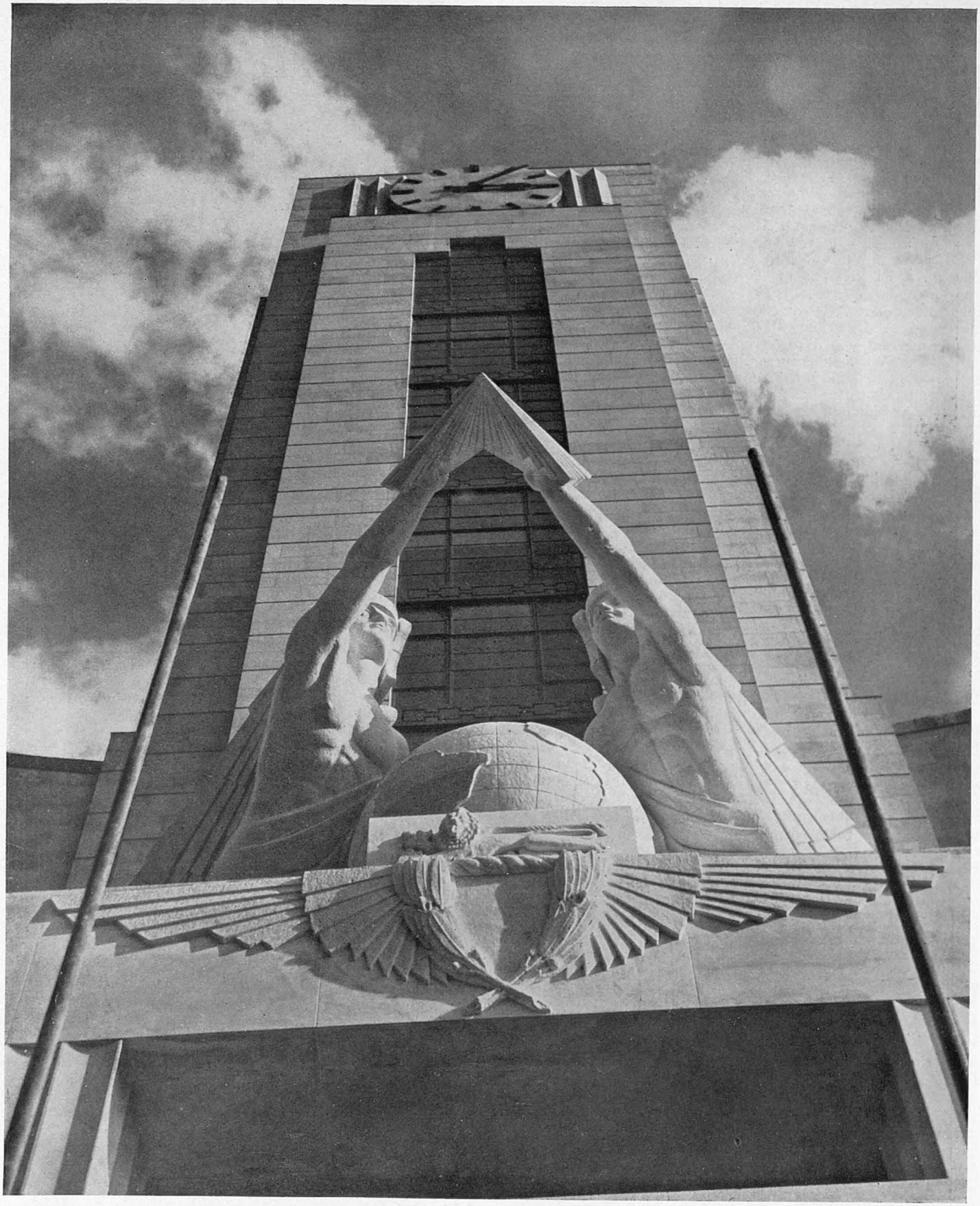
The Bystander

Lee Garmes

The Lady Stanley of Alderley

Lady Stanley of Alderley now lives in London—at 65, Ormonde Terrace, Regent's Park—with her six-year-old daughter, Edwina Maureen Stanley. She leads a busy and varied life, dividing her time between her home, her social life, her artistic interests, and the career as a professional journalist which she is making for herself under a nom-de-plume. Brought up in the country, she also has an active interest in farming and farmers, and has lately taken up the cause of the watercress farmers whose trade was badly hit after the Croydon typhoid epidemic, although it was proved that there was not the remotest connection between the two. Lady Stanley is a sister of the Earl of Shrewsbury, married the sixth Lord Stanley of Alderley in 1932 when she was twenty-two, and divorced him in 1936



"Speed Over the World"

A boisterous March wind blew the racing clouds over the tower of Imperial Airways' new building while the "Speed Over the World" sculpture was being unveiled below. The 375-foot tower springs from Buckingham Palace Road close to Victoria Station, and will house the Company's administrative offices. Below it is the ceremonial gateway through which only Royalty will pass, and over the gateway is the symbolic sculpture, composed from 60 tons of Portland stone. The sculptor is E. R. Broadbent, who has created, with Sir Edwin Lutyens and on his own, many war memorials in England and France, and did all the carving on the Queen's Dolls' House. The architect of the building is Albert Lakeman, L.R.I.B.A., who is better known for his work in America and the Empire than in Britain. The building itself will probably be opened early in May

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Government has made up its mind about the Army. For years it has been thought that we would never again send an expeditionary force to the Continent. Now Mr. Hore-Belisha has announced definitely that a Field Force is to be equipped to go abroad. The force will consist of six infantry divisions (two of them armoured) and thirteen Territorial divisions (three motorised and one armoured). Obviously this Force is designed to extend on the left of the French defences as before, to protect the left flank of the Maginot Line against attacks through Belgium. So perhaps we haven't seen the last of Ypres after all.

MR. HORE-BELISHA has acted wisely in making the Territorial Army the basis of expansion of the new Army. (It is obvious that when the nineteen divisions have sailed away to Flanders, a second line will have to be created for home defence and reinforcements.) One of Lord Kitchener's biggest mistakes was in ignoring the Territorials and creating his new armies on a completely separate basis, starting, as it were, from scratch. It did not make for efficiency either of the "Terriers" or of the Kitchener's armies.

THE celebrated correspondence of 1915 between Sir Henry McMahon and the Sherif of Mecca on which the Arabs base their claim to Palestine has been published, and it seems that no one is very much further advanced, because no one agrees on the interpretation of the letters. The word Palestine was not so much as mentioned in the whole correspondence, and Mr. H. St. J. B. Philby, the celebrated expert on Arabia, repeats to-day what he said two years ago, that "neither Sir Henry McMahon nor the Foreign Office nor the British Government was aware of the exact terms of the promises made by Sir Henry McMahon to the Sherif of Mecca."

THE Palestine Conference itself is gradually coming to a conclusion. The Arabs are becoming more and more jubilant and the Jews more and more gloomy. The Arabs indeed are going so far as to assert that the British Government's final solution has already been agreed upon by the Arabs and H.M.G. Another Arab story is that Mr. Malcolm MacDonald has undertaken to carry this final solution through Parliament and the League of Nations, and that H.M.G. is to operate the final solution, with or without Jewish co-operation. As the *Manchester Guardian* points out, this would be incredible if it was not being asserted with such confidence.

GENERAL FRANCO'S orders to his ships to sink merchant-ships at sight inside Spanish territorial waters was answered promptly by Lord Halifax. The Navy has been given instructions to protect British ships, even inside territorial waters, and to retaliate against submarine attacks. General Franco's instructions take us back to the black days of 1917 when the seas were thick with submarines sinking our merchant-ships without the slightest regard for law, decency, or humanity. The *News-Chronicle* boldly describes the "sink at sight" order as Piracy, and certainly that is what we called it in 1917.

THE gallant work which General Miaja has been doing in Madrid in trying to keep order and suppress local revolts will certainly raise his prestige. It may even raise it high enough for General Franco to negotiate with him. His defence of Madrid had already earned him respect from both sides, and two soldiers might find it easier to negotiate with each other rather than with politicians.

***The French Ambassador in Spain** went to see M. Bonnet at the Quai d'Orsay after his appointment. Marshal Pétain, hero of Verdun, benefactor of Spain in the Riff war, is eighty-three, and one of France's most venerated men. His appointment has been welcomed by Spain's new Government because he is a soldier, Conservative and a Catholic. He is already personally acquainted with General Franco*

***Chaplain of the Fleet** the Ven. Archdeacon Thomas Crick was presented on promotion at last week's Levée by the First Lord of the Admiralty. He was appointed Chaplain of the Fleet last year, his previous post having been at H.M. Dockyard, Portsmouth*

THE first figures of the National Service campaign have been announced by the Ministry of Labour. Two hundred and twelve thousand people have been accepted, and the Minister optimistically described this as a very remarkable figure. It is also added that less than a hundred and eighty thousand volunteers have come forward for local A.R.P., and no one is going to pretend that that is a good figure. Curiously enough, Sheffield, Birmingham and the Black Country have not made a good showing, and yet these are precisely the sort of places that might expect an attack. Particularly the younger people are slow to enlist, and there is nothing in the Report to indicate that the National Service campaign has been anything but a flop so far.

However, since the Report was issued another 80,000 have enrolled, making 480,000 altogether.

THE political movement which was launched in January under the name of the Hundred Thousand is to start again, so to speak. Its first meeting was a notable failure, and several prominent people walked out. The Duchess of Atholl is the Chairman of the new interim council, and the new start is to be made this week. It will be interesting to see if the second launching will be better than the first.

IT looks as if a currency war is about to start in China on a big scale. On the one hand, the British Treasury has

Hitler's "Perfect Woman," *Frau Gertrud Scholtz-Klink, head of the Nazi Women's Organisation, came on from Italy to study British women's work for fitness, mothercraft, training of girls. She is thirty-six, has four children*

Hitler sent roses, *twenty red ones, tied with a ribbon bearing a gilded Party emblem and his own autograph, and a box of chocolates to Miriam Verne, an American acrobatic dancer, after he had seen her performance. She danced at a reception for stage and screen artists at the Reich Chancellery, and had tea with the Fuhrer*

Bone and muscle experts *met when Lady David Douglas-Hamilton went to see Sir Herbert Barker last week, and the result was an exchange of theories with demonstrations by each on the other. The famous manipulative surgeon had been treating Lord David Douglas-Hamilton for a slight spine injury. The Women's League of Health and Beauty was one of the organisations visited by Frau Scholtz-Klink last week*

decided to establish a stabilisation fund of ten millions to support Chinese currency. On the other hand, Japan is trying to introduce a new currency in Northern China. If they succeed, the Chinese dollar will no longer be legal tender. Probably the outcome of this new move of the Japs will be not to give them exchange control, which they so anxiously want, but simply to disorganise completely what is left of foreign trade in those parts. Either way, the City of London seems pretty certain to lose.

LORD LINLITHGOW has achieved a notable success in persuading Mr. Gandhi to give up his fast. If Mr. Gandhi had died while fasting, the repercussions in India might have been disastrous.

AT last it is likely that a Bill providing Access to Mountains may become law. Negotiations have been conducted for some time between the Land Union, the Central Landowners' Association, some industrial groups and sporting associations, and the Society for Preserving Commons and Open Spaces. There has been a genuine attempt by all parties to come to an agreed solution, and the new Bill is the result. The Government is now to consider the amendments to the Bill which have been put forward by the various interested parties, and the Minister of Pensions has already described the work as "a miracle of agreement."

THE design for the King George V. Memorial is under discussion at the moment, and I must say I am not surprised. If there was anything which distinguished the late King it was his homeliness and his naturalness. He was, as someone has said, an intimate and personal King, who declared himself in one of his broadcasts "the father of a large family." The Gothic canopy which it is proposed to put over the statue is surely completely out of keeping with his character. The Scott Memorial in Edinburgh is quite enough for Great Britain in the way of comic Gothic.

THERE is to be a sale at Christie's on May 24th and 25th on behalf of the Baldwin Fund for Refugees. Everything in the sale will have been presented by their owners for the benefit of the Fund. So far, probably the most valuable donation has been a river scene by Richard Wilson, presented by Lord Ivor Churchill.

THE B.B.C. has announced some remarkable results from their research unit. A representative cross-section of listeners was asked to put the programmes in the order in which they liked them best. Variety comes first, followed by theatre-organs, military bands, musical comedies, dance music, light music, and orchestral music. At the bottom of the list is chamber music. Talks come tenth, and running commentaries on cricket twelfth (the cricket commentaries were fifth on the men's list and fifteenth on the women's). Talks were placed fourteenth by the young, and fourth by the elderly. Listeners over seventy voted first for military bands and last for running commentaries on tennis. I myself am not over seventy, but I heartily agree about the running commentaries on tennis.

THE B.B.C. has also announced the figures of the ballot on the announcers' voices. There was a broadcast debate a few weeks ago on "The Voice of Britain," and listeners were asked to vote on the voices. The figures are 27,000 in favour of the announcers, and 2600 for the Lancashire man who took part in the debate and attacked the extreme refinement of the accents of Broadcasting House.

A LEGACY of eighteen thousand pounds has been given to the propagation of simplified spelling in England. This will certainly give a much-wanted boost to that rather decaying activity of people who cannot let things alone. Probably the exponents of simplified spelling are theoretically right, but actually they would make the language look so hideous that people would run screaming from it.

IT is doubtful if any Test Match on record ever attracted less interest in this country than the final match against South Africa. The South Africans batted for days and days in their first innings, and for days and days in their second. The truth is, of course, that these timeless tests are just about the most boring form of game that exists anywhere.

THE humour competition in Germany is the only humorous thing about it, to judge by a selection of the winning jokes. It was organised to prove that Germans possess a sense of humour. Oddly enough, they make extremely funny political jokes, but no other sort that can be detected, and political jokes were excluded from the competition.

The Fourth Mme. Sacha Guitry and Her Husband

Sacha Guitry recently married his fourth wife, the nineteen-year-old daughter of a French general, Geneviève de Sereville. She is a film actress under the name Geneviève St. Jean, was with Guitry in his last film. She will make her stage debut in London before the King and Queen during the State visit of M. and Mme. Lebrun. M. Guitry's three former wives were Charlotte Lysès, Yvonne Printemps and Jacqueline Delubac

Plays and Players

Mme. Karel Capek was at the first night of her late husband's last play, "The Mother," when it was transferred to the Garrick from the Q Theatre. (It is reviewed on p. 377.) On the left below is Louise Hampton, who takes the name-part, and with her and Mme. Capek is Miles Malleson, who produced the play, and with Paul Selver is responsible for the English version. Mme. Capek's husband, the Czechoslovakian author, playwright and patriot, died earlier this year

"The Mother"—Actress, Author's Widow and Producer

The Spring Hats Came Out at Cheltenham

There Were Some Horses Too, But Horses Always Look More or Less the Same

***Birds** have always found their final destiny on women's heads. These two took a last perch on the veiled peak of a glorified Dutch cap*

***Bicycles** may be used on the hat or on the road this year. For ambling round hat-crowns, riders may ignore seat, pedals and handlebars*

***Beehives** have had their influence on the new head decorations, with flowers ready to hand for the bees, and a veil draped around (for the bee-keeper?)*

***Yashmak** in veiling takes its most nearly orthodox form when swathed round the chin. Worn by Lady Sybil Phipps*

***Algerian** influence inspired this trail of material draped through the hat and left loose to flutter coyly in the breeze*

***Grandmother's** net veil and scarf, shallow straw and blossom atop would have looked wildly incongruous above a fur coat in any spring but this spring*

***Straws** have come out earlier this year than usual, like daffodils and other spring phenomena. The shape can be anything you like*

Cheltenham—the National Hunt Meeting, and some of the finest steeplechasing; cold winds blowing around the grandstands but no rain, snow or fog this year; the first fashion parade of the racing calendar—spring straws above fur coats, bizarre shapes, exotic trimmings, but mostly neat gay felts above trim tweed suits; four horses killed on the first day; nearly half the races won at odds of 10 to 1 or more: the 8-to-1 Gold Cup winner, Mrs. Arthur Smith Bingham's Brendan's Cottage, quoted next day at 20 to 1 for the Grand National

***Esquimos** were naturally not missing from the Cheltenham population. The wind was quite cold enough to justify their furry warmth. Miss Jean Palethorpe discarded her overcoat, but her more thorough companion, Miss Betty Goodwin, wore brief fur boots and fur gloves*

***Silhouettes** can be very very strange. Grandfather might have turned this picture around several times before he recognised it as a woman in a hat and a fur coat*

***Profiles**, topped by twin hats and quills that brushed together as they talked, belonged to Mrs. Hubert Loder and her recently-married daughter, Mrs. Stephen Player*

THREE WEDDINGS

Mr. Harington and Miss Bowes-Lyon

Kenneth Harington and the Hon. Cecilia Bowes-Lyon, elder daughter of Lord Glamis and Lady Dorothy Glamis, and a niece of the Queen, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton, and have gone to France and Italy for their honeymoon. The King and Queen, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret were at the wedding. The bridegroom is the son of the late his Honour Edward Harington, and Mrs. Harington, of 66, Onslow Gardens, S.W.7

Mr. Vaughan and Miss Zara Deuchar

Malcolm Vaughan, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Vaughan, of Clent, Worcestershire, and Zara Deuchar, one of the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Deuchar, of Inchdura, North Berwick, Scotland, were married quietly at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate

Miss Graham and

Antony Thesiger, youngest and Mrs. Thesiger, of 25, and Virginia Graham, Harry Graham and Mrs. St. George's, Hanover Sussex and then Italy

Social Register

A CORRECTION

Fayer

Miss Philippa Cary—Sub-debutante

Philippa Cary, the only child of the Hon. Philip and Mrs. Cary, of 7, Sloane Street, S.W.1, will be presented by her mother in 1940, and not this season as stated in our issue of March 1st. She is not yet seventeen. We much regret our mistake

THE FIRST COURT

Mme. Paravicini and Her Daughters

The Swiss Minister's wife and two daughters went with him to the First Court last Thursday. Mme. Paravicini wore white satin with silk and rhinestone embroidery, Mlle. Jacqueline Paravicini wore deep lavender chiffon, Mlle. Livia Paravicini wore white crepe with a silver lace train. The two girls arrived back in London from Switzerland a day or two before the Court

Miss Barbara Mead

Barbara Mead was one of who have been chosen by for presentation this year. Court in a dress of white jewelled shoulder-straps daughter of Viscount Kano

TWO CHRISTENINGS

Mr. Thesiger

son of the Hon. Percy Cranley Gardens, S.W.7, daughter of the late Capt. Graham, were married at Square, and went first to for their honeymoon

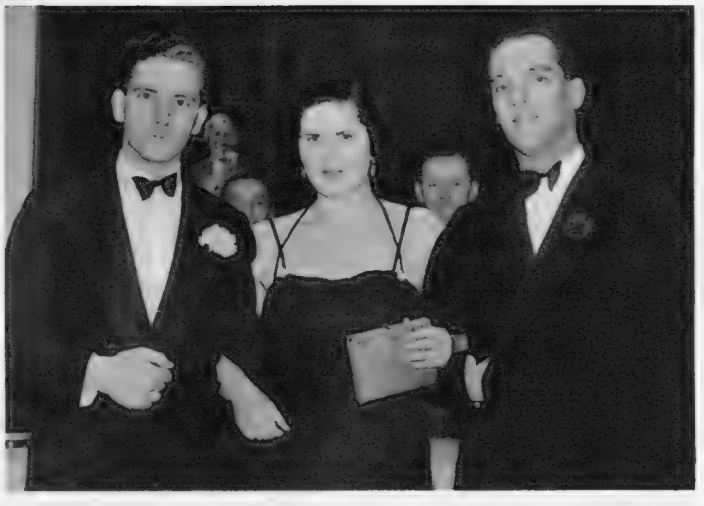
Robert Frederick Thesiger Monck

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Monck's baby son was christened at St. John's, Smith Square. His parents have just changed their name from Goldman, which was taken by Mr. Monck's grandfather, back to their original family name. Mr. Monck works with the G.P.O. Film Unit, and Mrs. Monck is Viscount Chelmsford's sister

Colwyn Jestyn John Philipps

Viscount and Viscountess St. Davids' son and heir was christened last week at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Lord St. Davids succeeded his father last spring, and in May he married Doreen Jowett, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Arthur Jowett, formerly of Toorak, Melbourne

CHARITY PAY PARTY



Mr. Canavotti, Miss Nettlefold, Mr. Lambert

Anne Nettlefold was chairman of the committee that ran last week's Pay Party in aid of the Barclay Workshops for Blind Women. With her are Alexis Canavotti and Raymond Lambert. Below are two more of the guests at 6, Stanhope Gate, where the party was held

Miss Rosa Kano

the American girls their Ambassador She went to the First moiré lamé, with Rosa Kano is the the Japanese banker

Miss Bridget Burke

An Irish debutante at the First Court was Sir Gerald and Lady Burke's seventeen-year-old daughter. Her father comes from Galway, but he and his wife now live near Henley

Miss Patience Brand

Another seventeen-year-old at Court was Lady Rosabelle Brand's daughter, who wore a picture dress of white chiffon with a sky-blue taffeta sash

Sir Charles Maclean and Miss Marie Style

Author and Actress Go House-Hunting

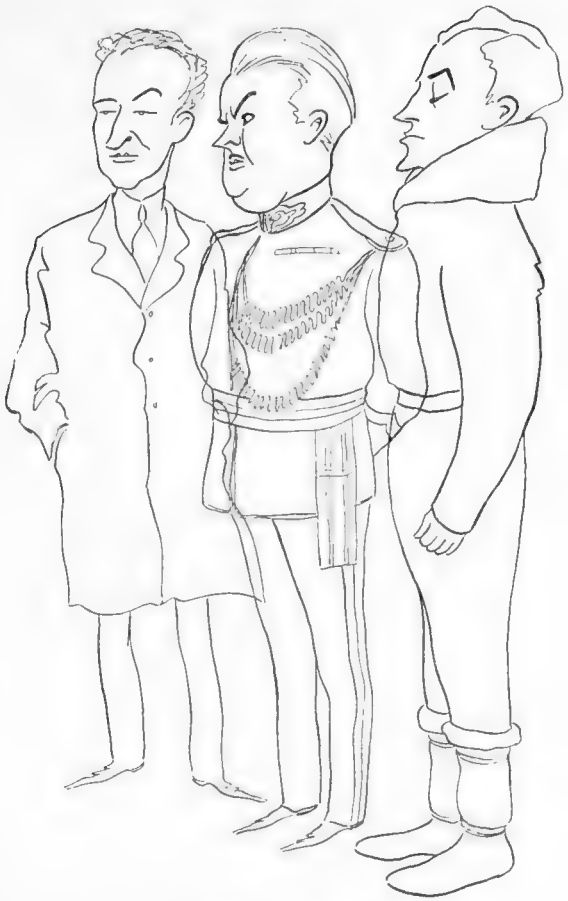
Mr. Benn Levy and Miss Constance Cummings Spend Sunday in Essex

Mr. and Mrs. Benn Levy want a week-end house in the country. Like everyone else, they want it small and old and beautiful and comfortable, not too far from London, not too near other houses. Their bet was Essex, so they took their dog Odel and went down to look. They had lunch at the Old Mill at Harlow and then they all went for a brisk walk around the country, playing hunt-the-cottage. Anyway it was a fine sunny day. Meantime Benn Levy's new play, *The Jealous God*, in which his wife plays lead, looked like leaving the Lyric after only five performances. To stop that, the entire cast, which includes Irene Vanbrugh and C. V. France, took over the show on a co-operative basis, taking a share in the profits in proportion to their salaries. And the author has given up all claim to royalties

Photographs by Colin Tait

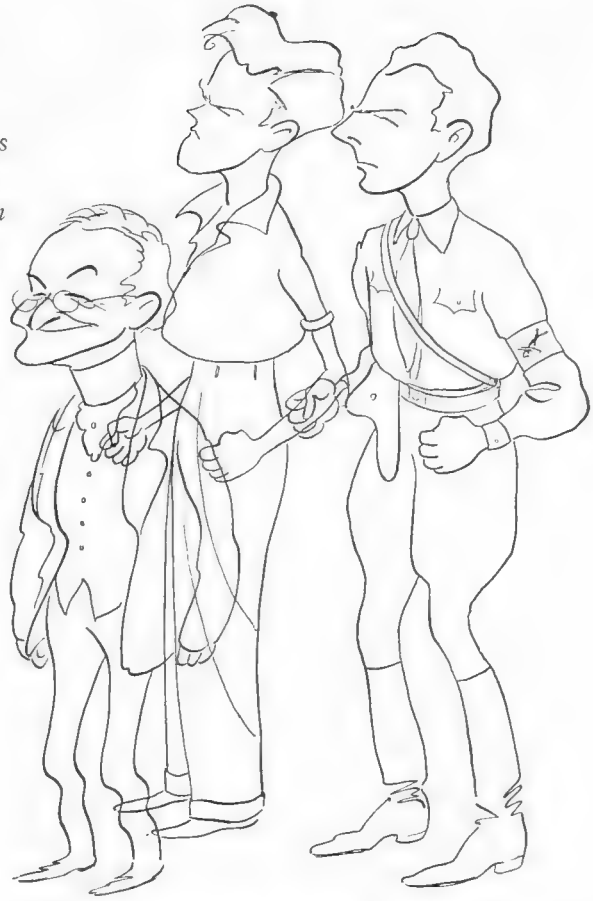
Odel Their Dog Got Thirsty During the After-Lunch Walk—

—But He Didn't Want to Go Home



Shades (Anthony Hawtrey, Raymond Lovell, Alan Judd)

Sketches by Rouson



Ghosts, grave and gay (Eliot Makeham, Nigel Stock, Michael Kingsley)

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"The Mother" (Garrick)

THIS, the last play Karel Capek wrote, is extremely moving. It sets out in poignant terms the opposing claims on man's allegiance of two fundamentally conflicting interests—on one side, the Mother; on the other, the Mother Country. One by one, five sons sacrifice their lives in the cause of honour, which can no more heal a heart than it can set a leg. The struggle and the failure of the Mother to keep her last, her youngest, and her weakest, when appeals for every youth to man the guns are being pumped through the air in waves of organised and overpowering emotion—this is the climax of the tragedy. The husband and the sons depart, each telling her in turn she doesn't understand. And so, of course, it will go on as long as men believe that it is a finer thing to encounter danger than to avoid it; that it is nobler to die for an abstraction than to live for a reality, and that while Christianity may be all very well up to a point, there *are* limits. The ultimate tragedy in plays like *The Mother* is that their whole effect may be completely overthrown by a single whispered "You daren't!" It is right that, at the very end, the Mother should agree to let her only living son follow the rest, for it is not only the men who are responsible for war. The women, too, just haven't got the guts not to back them up.

Mother with a rapidly decreasing family (Louise Hampton)

Is this "a good play"? Well, I am not one of those who despise the idea that there is such a thing as "a good play," and I believe that I am in danger of over-rating *The Mother* because, so largely, I agree with it. If I didn't, I might complain that it is just a succession of casualties, one damn death after another; that in addition to having three sons and a husband killed in war, it is a bit thick to pile on a fourth son who crashed trying to create an altitude record, and a fifth who gave his life for science; and, turning to minor matters, that a mother as keen as this one clearly is on keeping her rooms tidy, would hardly leave a chessboard with a chess-problem half-worked out untouched on top of a bookcase for seventeen years. But the subject held me. The agony of the mother, her conversations with the returning dead, her unhappy efforts to stem the tide, and her ultimate overthrow—these are all finely shown. And Miss Louise Hampton, in a part of tremendous emotional scope, gives another of her unexceptionable performances, though I don't say I can't think of one or two other actresses who might do it less unexceptionably but better.

All through, Mr. Miles Malleson's production is superb. He has chosen his cast with such discrimination that I feel disinclined to discriminate here—enough that not one actor disturbs for a single moment the illusion so cleverly contrived,

New York Letter

By Lorine Pruette

Broadcast

THIS Saturday Toscanini lifts his baton for the last time in the series of sixteen broadcasts. Fortunately the National Broadcasting Company has the fiery little Italian under contract for two more seasons. These unsponsored concerts by a permanent orchestra of ninety-four musicians are an expensive gift of N.B.C. to the music-lovers of the nation, the bright particular crown of an extensive musical programme.

The announcer's dulcet tones practically caress each syllable of Arturo Toscanini's name, and when the concert is over uniformed ushers take a position in front of the studio audience, apparently to prevent any enthusiastic visitor from speaking to the "maestro." The general tone of awe is so well developed that the studio audience is probably the best behaved audience in America. Admission is by card only, and the audience assembles almost an hour before the concert begins. During the intermission no one is allowed to leave the hall and smoking is not allowed on that floor. Last year's silk programmes—to prevent rustling—have been changed to a soft cardboard that has the same result. Last year's audience was perhaps a little more resplendent, although about half the guests come now in evening clothes. If admission were denied to women wearing hats, this would be even better.

No one coughs and no one moves while Toscanini is on the stand. Legends of the conductor's fury with a maladroit performer or a careless listener have survived from his Carnegie Hall days and are still repeated with loving pride. At seventy-one Toscanini's face has a sculptured fineness and his conducting is something to watch as well as to hear.

The last two programmes have been devoted to Brahms and Sibelius, while to-morrow's will be all-Wagner. Your correspondent attended the all-Sibelius concert, which consisted of the Symphony No. 2 in D major, Opus 43, "The Swan of Tuonela," "En Saga" and "Finlandia." Probably Sibelius will never have more surpassing interpretations, and the magical, mystical, melodic qualities of his compositions were revealed at their best. N.B.C. deserves a gold medal for what it is doing for music.

Angel

THE Rodgers and Hart's musical comedy closes this week, after a successful run of 336 performances. *I Married an Angel* has a completely delightful first act and a charming closing scene for its second. Dennis King, Vera Zorina and Vivienne Segal carry the show, and are excellent in their several roles. Zorina, the dancer, flies down to earth to marry Dennis King, because he has said only an angel will do. Only Zorina could announce, "I am an angel," and look like one, not a pink-and-white confection but a wild and wistful and innocent angel who has trouble learning to be a woman. Probably her extraordinary eyes have something to do with it.

Parties

THIS week the boys had their chance, with a flock of handsome gentlemen showing up at El Morocco. John Perona, the club's owner, paid out $100 to Jimmy Burke and $50 to Joseph Paterno. Judges were the socialite Beth Leary, Sophie Tucker, Gladys Parker, Gladys Swarthout, debutante Vivi Fairchild and Peggy Hopkins Joyce. Ted Husing presided at the mike and taunted the pretty boys considerably.

That subject of much contention, the little Vanderbilt heiress, was fifteen this week. Gloria Laura Vanderbilt had her birthday party at the Connecticut estate of her half-sister, Mrs. Cathleen Vanderbilt Lowman, not at the home of her mother or her aunt, who battled in the courts for her custody.

Puzzle

HOW does a democracy protect itself? When does logic end and common sense begin in the maintenance of civil liberties? The German-American Bund "celebrated" Washington's birthday with a meeting of 19,000 people in Madison Square Garden last Monday. Mayor La Guardia declined to stop the meeting, in spite of the many protests his office received. So much uneasiness developed that 1700 policemen were assigned to the Garden. The Bund announced that its own uniformed members would keep order. La Guardia was hissed, the President was contemptuously referred to as Franklin D. Rosenfeld, and Hitler was cheered. The link between Father Coughlin and the followers of Fritz Kuhn was openly acknowledged and American ideals were paraphrased into "White Gentile ideals." Angered by the attacks on his race, a young Jew leaped on the platform to protest and was badly manhandled by the uniformed troopers. Dorothy Thompson, America's "first lady of journalism," laughed at a speaker and was ejected from the meeting.

New Yorkers have been puzzled all week to know what to think. Does freedom of speech mean police protection for a group which would, if it gains sufficient following, destroy civil liberties for the millions of Americans who are not "white Gentiles"? And for millions more who are? Are all uniforms to be tolerated, just because Americans like to dress up in funny costumes at certain festive times? Suppose the next meeting requires 3000 police to keep order? Meantime a growing anti-German sentiment works hardship on many Germans who have nothing to do with the Bund.

Freedom-Lovers

SINCLAIR LEWIS, who wrote *It Can't Happen Here* to show how a Fascist minority might take over the country, has declared himself proud of his wife, Dorothy Thompson, and says, "Let 's have no more amiable indolence in our thought. This meeting was the invasion of America by the agents of a gangster foreign nation."

On the same night the audience at *Knickerbocker Holiday* applauded when a Dutch burgher declared, "My name is Roosevelt, and when I get an idea it sticks." Also on the same night the Phi Beta Kappa College honorary society held a dinner at the Hotel Astor "In Defence of the Humanities and Intellectual Freedom," expecting less than 1000 guests and getting 3500.

The world-famous physicist Percy W. Bridgman, of Harvard University, has declared his laboratory closed to visitors from the totalitarian States, because "a citizen of such a State is no longer a free individual . . . the totalitarian States do not recognise that the free cultivation of scientific knowledge for its own sake is a worthy end of human endeavour."

***Toscanini** has this winter conducted sixteen broadcast concerts in America, described in this New York Letter as "an expensive gift of N.B.C. to the music-lovers of the nation" because the National Broadcasting Company paid for them and not an advertiser. Toscanini, who comes to London in May, was photographed with another fine musician, singer Lotte Lehmann*

***Tyrone Power** is the latest screen bandit, having been cast as the notorious Jesse James. A message from Hollywood describes him as the "film hero who put glamour into" this nineteenth-century American killer and robber. Here, however, he was mildly going with Annabella (the same message tells of her as his rumoured "heart interest") to the premiere of "Little Princess," Shirley Temple's newest offering to her fans*

"Old Bill" Sees the World : By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"Excuse me, General Waikiki, but as this isn't a war, I suppose yer makin' a film?"

Films of the Day

The Perfect Woman

By George Campbell

THERE must be millions for whom Jeanette MacDonald is the perfect woman. She represents the apotheosis of the chocolate box. That may sound a little rude, but is not so meant. Her features are shapely and chiselled from all angles, which is more than you can say of some of the greatest beauties of the screen. Her eyes are blue and enormous, her teeth regular and dazzling, her hair luxurious and richly auburn, her figure at once rounded and slim. Add that she is not at all a bad actress, and that, on top of everything else, she has (for the purposes of musical comedy) a voice in a million. One can find a few better singers, plenty of better actresses, perhaps greater beauties—though few, surely, with lovelier colouring. But if my life depended on finding a woman with such a combination of natural and acquired gifts, this department would be vacant, and that would be very sad for all of us. Or would it?

MISS MACDONALD'S latest work is *Sweethearts*, and it is a good deal better than it sounds. The basic tale—how a Hollywood agent tries to induce two married musical-comedy stars to leave Broadway for the screen when the show has run six years, and how the ninny of a wife is induced by the author to believe her husband is unfaithful so that she won't leave the show or go with him to Hollywood—is neither better nor worse than most of its kind. Where it gives you a pleasant jolt of surprise is in the writing. Dorothy Parker, in collaboration with her husband, Alan Campbell, has devised dialogue with an agreeably acid wit, and some of the situations and little bits of characterisation are genuinely funny. The manager, full of paternal talk of "my two kids," always touchingly solicitous of their happiness and welfare, and never losing an opportunity to exploit them; the author of the libretto and the composer, always exchanging the deadliest of insults; the Hollywood magnate, thinly disguised as "Benjamin Silver," demanding the impossible at the top of his voice; his agent, full of mockery for the Broadway manager's attempts to keep him away from the stars—these, allowing for a little exaggeration, are all real people, easily named by anybody familiar with American show business. And the heroine's parasitic family, for ever harping on triumphs in Gilbert and Sullivan thirty years before, bringing home whole troupes to sponge on her when the latest show has just flopped on the road—you don't have to go to America for these people. They are universal.

MISS MACDONALD is at her best in Technicolor, and has a chance to act with a little more versatility than usual; Nelson Eddy sings better and has a good deal more masculine vigour than the ordinary leading man; and there is some amusing character-acting by Mischa Auer, Frank Morgan, Reginald Gardiner, Herman Bing, Kathleen Lockhart and Raymond Walburn. Reginald Gardiner, whose imitations of a train and a man with a gramophone record used to delight the West End, reveals a strong screen personality and a voice of the richest resonance. Talented though he is in comedy, I am not at all sure that he wouldn't be equally good as the polished menace—the sort of role that Henry Daniell played so superbly with Greta Garbo in *Camille*, and George Sanders (complete with monocle) in *Lloyds of London*. It will be interesting to watch his progress.

"GANGSTER'S BOY" is the sort of film that reminds you that America is a foreign country. We have so much in common with the Anglo-Saxon American that it comes as a bit of a shock to see a film in which the characters talk our language and are yet wholly alien. We sometimes see French films, like *Prison Without Bars*, that only need translation to pass as English. *Gangster's Boy* might be set in Mars, and I can't help wondering what the British public will make of it.

The hero (Jackie Cooper) is the honours boy at an American school. He wins all the prizes, captains the football team, is selected to deliver the prize-giving address, and has won a scholarship to West Point—which, I need hardly tell you, is America's Sandhurst. Enter his father. Believe it or not, the boy has never known that his father is "Knuckles" Kelly, the notorious bootlegger turned brewer.

The effect of the discovery on the boy—that is the *clou* of the story. His school friends all cut him but a judge's son and the son of the local bootlegger. The judge, who has approved of him for four years, attempts to persuade the headmaster to sack him. The local newspaper plays the story up. And at last, when the judge's son has run down a boy, the racketeer's son takes the blame and goes to gaol pending trial. All of which is an interesting revelation of one of the weaknesses in the average American's character—his willingness to be drilled and regimented in social life as Germans are in military.

Or am I being insular? If Eton's Captain of the Boats or Harrow's Captain of the Eleven were suddenly found to have a notorious share-pusher for a father, what would be the effect on his career? Would his friends tend to fall away a bit? And would he have a bit of difficulty in passing into the Diplomatic or the Guards? The answer, I fancy, would be yes in both cases; so perhaps the difference between the people of *Gangster's Boy* and ourselves is only one of idiom after all.

In "Gangster's Boy" there are several old-friend situations — the child of a notorious parent suffering for its father's sin, the boy who plays scapegoat for his friend, and so on. These befall Jackie Cooper, but he keeps a stiff upper lip and wins through. At the Regal last week, and reviewed here

In "Sweethearts" there is an excellent supporting cast for Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, particularly Frank Morgan who was with them in "Naughty Marietta" and now plays their theatrical manager, all soft words and dirty deeds (with the spotted tie); Mischa Auer, crazy as usual (with the spectacles) and Herman Bing (thumbs in armholes). For the hero and heroine see opposite; for review see above

"Sweethearts"—Nelson Eddy and Jeanette Macdonald

The 1913 operetta by Victor Herbert has the right name for a film starring the Macdonald-Eddy singing team. They have now been sweethearts, more or less, in five pictures, singing songs about love. In this, their fifth, they are a married couple of stars happy as pie until competing Broadway and Hollywood managers unscrupulously throw grit in the oiled wheels of their affection. W. S. Van Dyke II. and Hunt Stromberg, who directed and produced another of the team's successes, *Naughty Marietta*, keep the new-old story of *Sweethearts* turning this way and that with gay unexpectedness. The picture is M.-G.-M., and in technicolour, went to the Empire ten days ago, and is reviewed in detail on the opposite page

Yevonde

West Country Debutante

Clare Phipps is the elder of the three daughters of Mr. Charles and Lady Sybil Phipps, and a niece of the Duchess of Gloucester and the Duke of Buccleuch. She will be nineteen this year. She and her cousin, Lady Elizabeth Scott, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch's elder daughter, came out together in January at the Buccleuch Hunt Ball at Floors Castle. Her parents live in Wiltshire, at Chalcot, near Westbury, and hunt and race in the West Country. Clare Phipps likes sailing, too, and also has a taste for literature, has herself written verse and articles

French Debutante

Hélène-Marie de Limur is the daughter of the Comte and Comtesse André de Limur. She has had her coming-out ball at New Place, San Francisco, her mother's family home, but is also to have a London dance during this season

Rumanian Debutante

Sandra Tatarescu, daughter of M. George Tatarescu, the Rumanian Ambassador in Paris, was presented last week by Mme. Tilea, wife of the Rumanian Ambassador here. She is studying drawing and sculpture in London

Debutantes of 1939

Left: Patricia Unity Rank is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Rank, of Aldwick Place, Sussex, is being presented by her mother at an early Court, and is having her dance at 6, Stanhope Gate on May 24th. After her season she is going to study seriously at an art school; meantime she has shown marked talent for modelling in clay and also for dress designing. Her more frivolous interests are tennis, motoring, and going to films. Her father is the brother of J. V. Rank

Cannons of Hollywood

Art Student Debutante

Pearl Freeman

South African Debutante

Felicity Pitt is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Pitt, of Capetown. Her father is manager of the Brakpan Mines. She has come to London for the season, is staying in Queen's Gate, and will be presented at Court by Mrs. Te Water, wife of the High Commissioner for South Africa

Dairymaid Debutante

Moyra Grace Tuck is the younger daughter of Sir Reginald Tuck, Bt., and Lady Tuck, of Bridge Farm, Burgess Hill, Sussex. She is going to a March Court. She and her sister, Mrs. Alwyn Bolton (who as Joan Annette Tuck married during her first season in 1936), run a dairy farm at Hornsdene, part of their father's property in Sussex. Here she is leading one of her charges off to the milking sheds

Scottish Debutante

Lady Bridget Elliot is one of the most important and one of the most attractive of the 1939 debutantes from Scotland. She is the eldest of the three daughters of the Earl and Countess of Haddington, and is eighteen this year. She is being presented at to-night's Court by her mother. This photograph was taken at her parents' Roxburghshire home—Minto House, near Hawick. Their London house is in Charles Street, Berkeley Square

Lenare

Canadian Debutante

Osla Benning is the daughter of the late J. W. Benning, of Montreal, and Mrs. Geoffrey Courtney, of 19, Acacia Road, N.W.3. She is being presented at a July Court by Mrs. Gerald Portman. She is very musical, plays the piano, and speaks three languages fluently

Cannons of Hollywood

Two Debutantes Who Have a Joint Dance To-night

Elizabeth Hely-Hutchinson is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Hely-Hutchinson, of 16, Cadogan Square, S.W.1. Her father is M.P. for Hastings. She was presented last Thursday at the First Court, and to-night is having a joint dance with Victoria Douglas in her parents' house

Victoria Douglas is the only child of the late Lt. the Hon. Ronald Douglas, and the Hon. Mrs. Douglas, of 64, Pont Street, S.W.1, and a granddaughter of the late Earl of Morton. Her mother is presenting her, and to-night is giving with Mrs. Hely-Hutchinson one of the earliest of the deb dances

Late Joys

At the Players' Theatre

1

2

3

4

The top floor *at 43, King Street, lately a gymnasium, is the scene of the Late Joys. Number One is Eve Lynd as "Madame Extase," a young French lady who does a decorous and frilly strip act. Two is the Hon. Maud (alias Robert) Eddison, who talks and answers questions on etiquette. Three is Helen Goss: "Oh, boys, gaze upon her crinoline!" Four is Betty Hardy and Betty Jardine as the only slightly frivolous Sisters Gelatine. The microphone visible in two and three was temporarily put up for a gramophone recording*

Appreciation: *Miss Eve Harrison*

Delight: *Mrs. James Beck*

Participation: *Mrs. Ayleen Leigh-Fermor*

Hot dog for the frilly-shirted pianist: David Andrews eats

"And now——": Leonard Sachs is master of the ceremonies at the Joys, bangs his gavel and invites the audience to join in choruses, such as "Daisy," printed on fly-sheets, then announces the artistes

In King Street in the parish of Covent Garden, once the centre of the fashionable world and the theatrical half-world, is situated the Players' Theatre Club. Its headquarters are highly historical: as Lord John Russell's house, it saw meetings of the Privy Council; later it became London's first family hotel, with a basement grill-room which Dickens, Thackeray and Landseer frequented; later still, it became Evans' song and supper rooms, ancestors of its present functions, and London's first cabaret. It has also been headquarters of the National Sporting Club and of the Savage Club. Somewhat under two years ago the late Peter Ridgeway and Leonard Sachs founded, with a half-crown capital, the Players' Theatre Club. Its aim was to present plays privately, and as an added attraction, Ridgeway's Late Joys were started. Members sat round at tables, hot dogs and beer were obtainable, an informal cabaret was given, there was dancing. These pictures were taken recently at the Joys, which commence at midnight

Gracie Fields was guest of honour one night and was seated at the Master's table—she can also be seen in the big view above

Ivor Novello and Dorothy Dickson were two more celebrities at the Joys. (His "Dancing Years" is due at Drury Lane next week)

Point-to-Point Lunch Party

Sir Gerard Fuller, his brother, Christopher Fuller, his wife, Lady Fiona Fuller, and Mrs. M. Ansell ate their picnic lunch on shooting-sticks behind their car at the Duke of Beaufort's point-to-point at Leighterton, near Tetbury, Gloucestershire. The Fullers live at Neston Park, Corsham, in the neighbouring county of Wiltshire

Brother and Sister

Miss Edith Hazlerigg and her brother Arthur, youngest daughter and eldest son of Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, Bt., of Noseley Hall, Leicester, were at the Fernie meet at King's Norton. Arthur Hazlerigg is the Cambridge and Leicestershire cricketer

American Visitor

Lady Roborough brought an American friend, Miss Elizabeth Chase, with her to the Belvoir meet at Freeby. Lady Roborough (Helen Dawson that was) is the wife of the second Baron, who as Captain Massey Lopes succeeded his father last year soon after the barony was created

Point-to-Points and Meets

Quorn Hostess and Her Children

Daughters at a Meet

Above is Mrs. Ronald Kaye at her home, Queniborough Old Hall, where she and her husband, Major Ronald Kaye, were hostess and host recently to the Quorn. Her children are Moira, Michael and Patrick

Left: little Sarah Garnett went with her very tall father, Henry Garnett, to the Cottesmore's meet at Burrough, and four-year-old Lady Caroline Villiers, daughter of the Earl of Jersey, went with her mother, who is now Mrs. Robin Wilson

Mrs. Murray Smith, the Hon. Lancelot Lowther

At the same Cottesmore meet as the group on the left were the Hon. Mrs. Murray Smith and the Earl of Lonsdale's brother, the Hon. Lancelot Lowther. The Cottesmore had a windy spring day for their Burrough meet, and some good hunting after it

The Earl and Countess

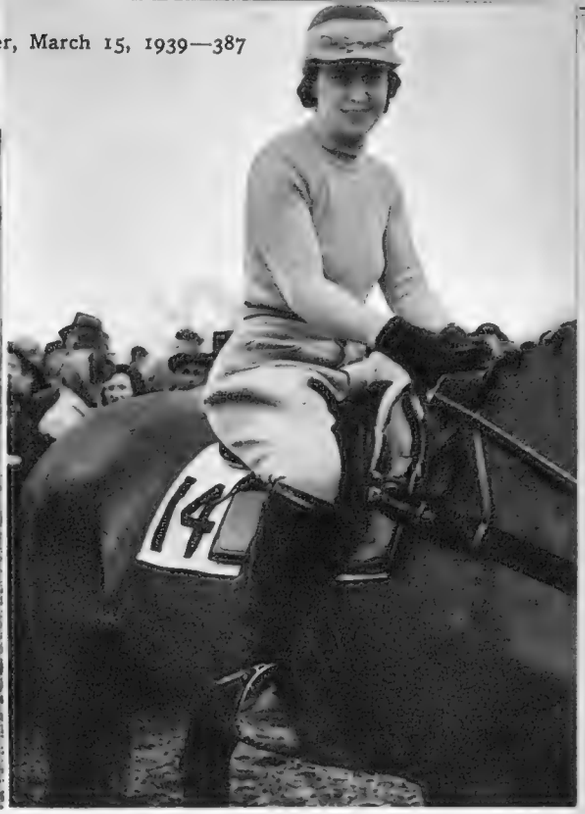
Lord and Lady Lanes-Queniborough Old Hall from Swithland Hall, borough. Their elder Newtown Butler, comes

Fourth Out of Fifteen

Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy rode the Hon. Peter Wood's Knockmill at the Bicester and Warden Hill point-to-point, and finished fourth out of the fifteen runners

The Winner

Miss B. Kerwood on F. Kerwood's Hampton Lad won the Adjacent Hunts' Ladies' race at the Bicester meeting by two lengths from Mrs. S. A. Parker on her own Tellnell



Another of the Fifteen

The Hon. Mrs. C. V. Jackson on Heartbreak House was another starter in the Bicester and Warden Hill Ladies' race, but was not placed. She is Lord Newborough's only daughter and the widow of Vivian Jackson. The Bicester meeting was held at Somerton

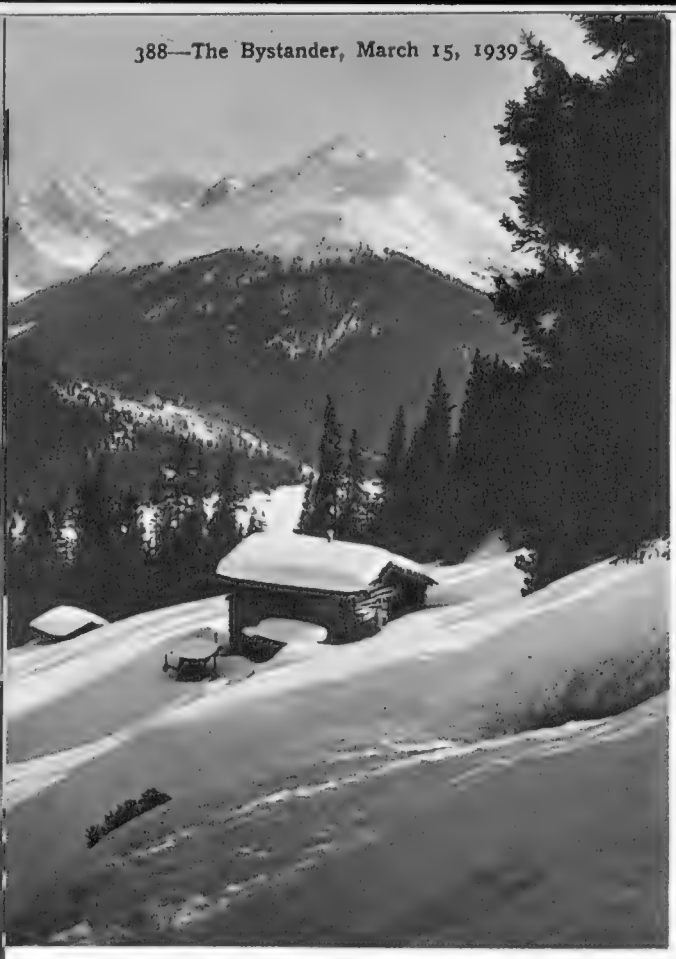
Stage Young Marrieds, Umbrellas and a Setter

of Lanesborough

borough went over to for the Quorn meet their home at Lough- son and heir, Lord of age next October

Brother and Sister and Corgi

Above are Mrs. Eion Merry and her brother, Michael Crichton, and her Welsh Corgi at the Beaufort point-to-point at Leighterton. On the right are Mr. and Mrs. Robert Douglas under their umbrellas at the Bicester and Warden Hill meeting. Mrs. Robert Douglas is Dorothy Hyson in her own right on the stage



Winter—Summer

In the mountains the vast white tide of winter has begun silently to ebb. The snow in the valleys is thin and wet under the midday sun, and every evening there are more bare patches where grass and spring plants push up their green youth. Like fish gasping for air, the ski-ers go higher and higher. Many go home, but in the night expresses lie the sleeping forms of a new wave of snow migrants—the spring ski-ers. These, with heavily-laden rucksacks on their backs, will climb and climb in the morning coolness, far above railways and lifts, to find the fresh, unbroken white of high ski-fields and glaciers, sleeping at night in mountain huts, and rising at dawn to climb again. Then they, too, will vanish, the cows will be driven up to their summer pastures, and over the rocky paths and flowery hillsides will come tramping the walkers and climbers in shorts and shirts and nailed boots. They carry loaded rucksacks, like their swift forerunners of the spring, and have the same passion, that survives fatigue and discomfort, for the silent beauty of the mountains

Photographs by E. Meerkämper

Gardener's Chronicle

The Herbaceous Seasons

By R. C. Jenkinson

Treasure Trove

I MUST leave our Alpine house half-filled until a later date, for the past few days of mild weather, with soft rain and some lovely sunny days, call one out of doors. Last Sunday, on my post-prandial garden stroll, we could see buds pushing and young leaves appearing almost as we watched, and I saw the first yellow brimstone butterfly of the year, a welcome precursor of spring.

The most exciting event of last week, however, was the finding of a new snowdrop in an old Berkshire garden. There it grew by the thousand, scattered amongst the trees and down by the lake. The curious thing was that I couldn't find one flower of the common snowdrop: everywhere was this beautiful form, semi-double, with the three long outer segments tipped with green, or sometimes pure white. I begged a bulb from my hostess to send to the expert, who pronounced it to be a form entirely new to his eclectic eye. How came it, I wonder, that this semi-double beauty alone holds sway in these downland woods, for more than a century must have passed since man first planted her there?

Herbaceous Planting

BUT I must leave the bulbs with their flowers and their promise of flower, to talk for a moment about herbaceous plants. There are only two or three weeks left for planting, and I, for one, am hurriedly trying to get through with it before the lengthening shoots have made moving too dangerous. There is much to be said for late planting and, if I can't deal with herbaceous plants by mid-November at the latest, I would sooner wait till March. Of course, a droughty April and May will set back freshly-rooted stuff, but if the ground has been well tilled, and is kept pricked over, no great harm will come of it.

The great thing to remember is to avoid letting the roots, which are just coming into action after their winter's rest, get dried up by being left lying about exposed to sun or drying wind. Plants received from nurserymen should be unpacked and put straight in the ground, or else be covered up until they can be put in. If you are moving plants in your own garden, don't dig up too many at a time, or the telephone will ring, and the plants will be left lying about exposed. Great care must be taken, too, not to break off the tender brittle young shoots.

Herbaceous Arrangements

THIS is not the time or place to discuss the merits of the different species and varieties of herbaceous plants in detail: that must be done as they come into flower. Here I would only draw your attention to certain arrangements which have from time to time pleased me. Let me say at once that I consider a herbaceous border the least attractive way of showing off herbaceous plants—for brevity's sake to denote these, I shall use the word "herbs." In certain situations—e.g., against a long wall, or as two parallels backed by some hedge—they can provide riots of colour from mid-May to October.

But to enjoy the intrinsic value of any given herb, I maintain that it is far better to plant it in a group amidst a framework of shrubs, either by itself or in conjunction with one or two other herbs selected to blend with it, or to follow or precede it.

Or if the ground is suitable, to arrange beds according to the contour of the land, and group herbs in them in generous masses to suit one's taste, either in colour or season of flowering.

Some Examples

I KNOW of such an arrangement, seen from the house at a distance of some two hundred yards across a little valley. The beds are set on the rising slope at such a height that they appear in echelon from the windows of the house; in shape they are more or less oval. A gravel path runs behind them, leading from an unseen rock garden into wild woodland, while a mown grass surround allows the owner to walk round the beds and enjoy the plants in detail.

The first bed is "early and late"—chiefly lupin and eremurus, red-hot pokers and dwarf Michaelmas daisies, with a few July lilies interspersed.

The next bed is pæonies and eremurus—some of those wonderful hybrids raised by Major Stern in his chalk-pit near Worthing—followed by July flowerers.

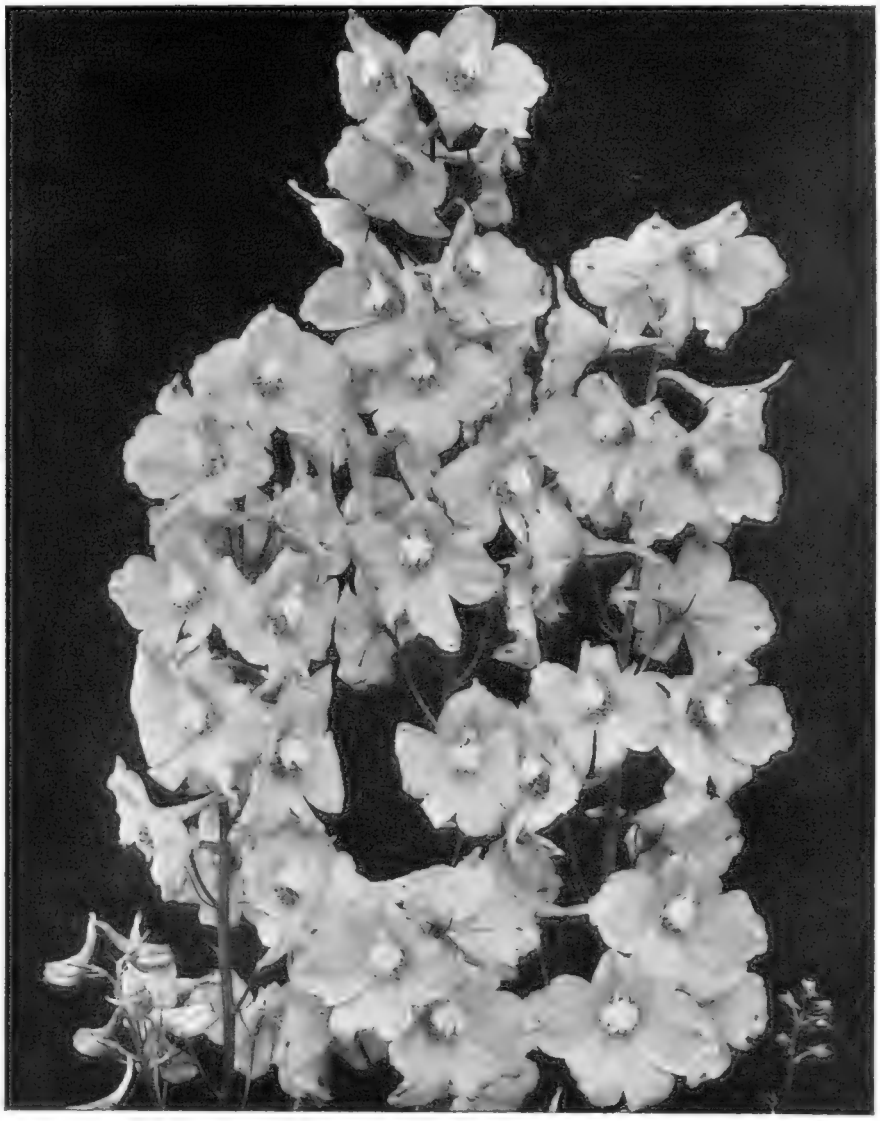
The third bed cuts out the earlies and goes for the belladonna varieties of delphinium, phlox, late Michaelmas daisies and sunflowers, with a good deal of grey foliage at the edges of the bed.

The last bed is frankly late summer and autumn: sedum spectabile, asters of various heights, helenium, helianthus, and kniphofias.

Soil and the shape of the ground will vary the shape of the beds and their contents infinitely, but this will give you an idea of how herbs can be used most effectively to give colour over a long period in a piece of ground which is semi-wild. On the opposite side of the gravel path are irregular plantings of big old azaleas, to give flower in early June and leaf-colour in October.

In this same garden there is another wonderful bed of azalea mollis, carpeted with bluebells, and all amongst the azaleas are tall, light blue and dark blue delphinium—no mauve varieties are allowed to intrude, I am glad to say—to be followed in September by waving masses of aster climax and red-hot pokers.

Another bed which I well remember in a western Scottish garden was set in a woodland glade on an island made by the temporary bifurcation of a burn. Here lilium tigrinum grew six feet tall, to wave its orange turk's-cap flowers above phlox—purple and mauve, pale pink, crimson and magenta, excluding white and the orange-scarlets. Trees threw a dappled light and shade upon the bed, and Bakst himself never designed a more vivid arrangement of colour.



Blanche Henrey

Delphinium Belladonna-Orion *is one of the herbaceous plants which may be used in a middle season bed, massed with phlox, late Michaelmas daisies, sunflowers, and with grey foliage generously used as a surround. The grouping of beds of which this is one is described in the article*

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THE Comédie-Française visit to the Savoy chimed elegantly with a recent encyclical in the *Sunday Times* by Ernest Newman, Pont. Max., on the folly of those pipe-dreamers who want the State to subsidise grand opera in England. The Maison de Molière gets about £40,000 a year from the French Government. How much the three other subsidised theatres in Paris get we forget, but the Opéra once moved Arnold Bennett to a nice bit of journalism about the remote French peasant going to bed at dark on a gala night comforted by the thought that the Opéra is just opening its cavalry-sentinelled doors and lighting its 15,000 electric candles, for which he helps to pay. What seems to be the real point—correct us if bestially wrong—is that the French peasant, as notoriously unmusical a skinflint as any other hardfaced hayseed in the world, and possibly more so—doesn't seem to mind being thus forced to encourage Art; whereas no British Government, however badly it wanted music-lovers' votes, would dare to propose a State subsidy for Covent Garden. The immediate howls and screams of rage from what visiting foreign musicians when interviewed politely call the most musical nation on earth, would be almost as deafening as the average Ride of the Valkyries, we dare aver.

Undoubtedly the Voluntary System best suits the genius and temperament of the Island Race. The hospitals enjoy its benefits, and are perpetually moaning in agony for money. A.R.P. is run—at present—under its auspices, and in Twickenham alone, we read the other day, no fewer than 300 citizens out of 100,000 have answered the town council's call to defend themselves. The Prime Minister was right when he remarked recently that the idea of compulsion is offensive to our democracy—as it was in the later stages of the Great War, when large numbers of citizens consented of their own free will to get into uniform, just to humour the police. But although we shall eventually have some similar form of voluntary compulsion for home defence (this time carefully wrapped up in phrases enabling everybody to distinguish it instantly from conscription, an ignoble foreign device), we shall never, Heaven helping us, be forced to support the Arts, which, like A.R.P., appeal only to a small and eccentric minority. Which will be rough on the bureaucrats, if anybody cared.

Oasis

IT will be a bit of a wrench for the Queen's Westminsters to quit their headquarters in Buckingham Gate, where they live next door to the London Scottish and hear the most exquisite bagpipe music almost every day. We remember once sitting in The Macdonell's stately town apartments in this exclusive quarter, near the Palace, and watching the old Highland blood kindling to the distant skirl of the pibroch as the rugged handsome chieftain beat time with a skean-dhu on the head of one of his tacksmen or dependents. We saw from the papers next day that there had been a murder in Petty France, off Buckingham Gate, and that the London Scottish were in camp near Aldershot—greatly missed, we dare wager by the Queen's Westminsters and all lovers of melody. Buckingham Gate is a very musical quarter. On weekdays there are the London Scottish pipers practising at No. 59, on Sundays you often get the pipers of the Irish Guards marching from Wellington Barracks with detachments on church-parade, so, what with other Guards' bands, brass and fife, and one thing and another, not to speak of periodical Communist processions down Victoria Street, with bands, the residents have little to complain of, and no notice would be taken if they did, at that.

"George, you are getting thin on top"

But there 's no pleasing some civilians. A few years ago, citizens living near the Honourable Artillery Company in the City Road, used to complain of H.A.C. privates' valets and personal attendants making free with their wives and daughters, chucking them under the chin, and dazzling them with grotesquely exaggerated stories of their masters' wealth and prowess in the field. Very often when the H.A.C. marched away to camp, these insolent flunkeys (who march with them and carry their masters' rifles and toilet-equipage), would leer and wink most abominably. Instead of being gratified at this attention, the greasy cits grumbled, so nowadays, after shaving and dressing members for parade, the valetaille march to the station under guard and by a different route; or so a H.A.C. chap told us in 1917, and we don't believe there are any liars in that ancient and honourable corps, still less in its even more exclusive branch at Boston (Mass.).

Point

A RETIRED colonel, evidently one of the many retired colonels who turn out, when you get to know them, to be men of high intelligence and culture, which is a knock for the comic illustrated Press—a retired colonel scored a point in the papers the other day in the War Office's favour. Those shrieks which go up from lovers of the countryside whenever the War Office grabs some remaining coastal beauty-spot for a gunnery range, he said in effect, aren't altogether justified. He quoted the case of Lulworth, where the gunnery ranges have preserved all natural beauties and also saved them

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, many thanks!"

from Caliban, the speculative builder. The anguish of the bird-lover is also unwarranted, he added, since wild birds soon get used to gunfire, as every ex-soldier knows, and breed just as freely on the Lulworth and Chesil ranges as they did before.

But whether the War Office boys know all this beforehand, or whether Nature survives in spite of them, is another matter, we dare hint. Maybe those boys are grievously misrepresented. Perhaps they don't tramp round seizing maps and scoring red and blue lines over beauty spots with Mohock insolence, but hold long anxious conferences beforehand about the soil, the crops, the flowers, the trees, and the birdies, getting experts round to tell them which flowers are likely to suffer most from a harsh or uncomprehending glance or a careless word, and so forth. Or maybe we 're just being "awkward," in which case you may slap us on the right forearm, hard.

Passionflower

As decided but not fanatic feminists—our position is briefly that women needn't necessarily be all shot—we couldn't help observing with an objective interest quite devoid of any political bias, the recent re-emergence at Valencia of La Pasionaria, the hoarse, eloquent, and implacable Dolores Ibarrui, who has been in eclipse for a long time and has had no Press at all. The Flower of Passion and Red deputy for Oviedo interests us chiefly because we find her in so many other places in history—knitting away frantically under the guillotine in '93, for example, or marching with the terrible Pétroleuses during the Commune of 1870. Whether chaps who have to work with them really like such furious, restless girls, we don't know. They get easily bored with them, History seems to reveal. Even nice quiet womanly girls like Madame Roland who get mixed up in front-line revolutionary politics get the axe sooner or later. We can't at the moment think of any British girl fusspot in the same category, for though our old chum "Beachcomber" has sardonically labelled a current M.P. "Ellen Pasionaria y Wilkinson," we doubt if she would be found in the Big Girls' class when action was required (such as cutting a Tory Minister's throat, or blowing up Brompton Oratory), Miss Wilkinson being fundamentally a home girl, and kind as you make 'em.

So we noted the reappearance of La Pasionaria, and wondered how she was getting on with the Republican troops, whether the weary Spanish equivalent of "Aw, nuts!" or "Put a sock in it!" had yet greeted her astounded ear, whether any other signs of waning popularity with the boys were on the horizon, and whether she will attain an honoured old age. For if male politicians who keep butting in and shouting are intensely disliked by the soldiers who have to do all the work, how do you think a noisy girl politician affects them?

Shrine

The news that the Gaiety Theatre was in difficulties with the L.C.C. and would have to close down at least temporarily, didn't knock the jeunesse dorée of the town as much of a heap as it would have done in pre-war days, we imagine. Restaurant cabarets, nightclubs, bottle-parties, and pre-eminently the Flicks have rather dimmed the Gaiety lights (and if you think we 're now going to drag in that dreary old cliché about John Hollingshead and the Sacred Lamp of Burlesque you 're mistaken, not for the first time). The Mashers and their nitwit successors the Knuts who filled the front rows of Gaiety stalls night after night, sucking the gold tops of their ebony canes and rallying afterwards in glossy toppers round the stage-door are either dead or married long ago, and the Guards seek their lovely partners somewhere else. It 's a melancholy and obvious topic, but the last pre-war Gaiety goddess we gazed on in the flesh a few weeks ago—Lord, how we adored her in our early youth!—had little left of her starry magic but the eyes, still wonderful, and the voice, still an enchantment; for all things, as the Oracle of the Bottle said to Pantagruel and his companions, move towards their end. Yet if we fell into the maudlin trick of the elderly bore who moans that there aren't such exquisite creatures in the theatre nowadays, we should lie damnably. There are, lashings of them, each lovely and more cretinous, if possible, than the last. Which constant supply of beauty, considering the homely pans of 99 per cent. of the Island Race, is a great mystery indeed.

Another mystery is that the pre-war Gaiety Knut has vanished completely, leaving no heirs. Old boulevardiers assure us that you couldn't tell one Knut from another by day or night. Not only were they all costumed alike—and how beautifully!—but one glossy hawhawing pin-head and its receding chin was precisely like the next. Its disappearance has something to do with the Mendelian Theory, no doubt. Passionate devotion to its toilet was another mark of the type. The last authentic specimen of the breed we ever saw was anxiously settling the already perfect knot of its tie in a pocket-mirror preparatory to leading a trench-raid of a desperate, glorious and—since Brigade had planned it days in advance very carefully—utterly futile and bloody description, from which no one returned.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Tch, Professor—what do you think the steps are for?"

"Bystander" Short Story No. 182

A Bit of Bad

By James Curtis

Illustration by Alex Jardine

SURE, mate, sure. That was a bit of bad you had and all. Twelve munce hard labour for what you might call nothing. Just out of Pentonville, huh? Well, if you could go a tea and a pie, I 'm always open to help one of the boys. Not that there 's much coming my way nowadays. Wages, just wages, that 's all. But talking about bad luck. Wait till I tell you something.

Ever hear of the Gilt Kid? No, you didn't? Blimey, where you bin all your life? Must of had your ears buttoned under your chin. Right little screwsman he was and clever. Caw, you don't know the meaning of the word clever if you don't know how he figured out a job and got to work.

Yes. Well, it 's worked out like this. I 'm talking about years ago now, when they give away all them coupons with every tanner packet of fags. You remember you used to turn them in and get radio sets, silk stockings, and all that caper. Well, the Gilt Kid 's doing a bit of time and, stone me blind, if there ain't an old printer in the next cell to him. They 've got talking. You know how it is and the Gilt Kid 's said:

"Watchew get done for mate?"

"Forging cigarette coupons," the old printer said.

Well, the Gilt Kid 's nearly gone crazy. I 've told you he was a real wide boy, ain't I? And by the time he 's come to and can talk sensible the warder 's dished out the cocoa and the cell door 's locked. But he 's been thinking it out all night and as soon as they 've opened his door next morning he 's fallen in behind the old geezer so as to be able to chat to him.

"Listen, mate," he 's come out with, "I suppose you 're a master printer and you can do pretty nigh anything."

"Yes, I can and all the more shame to me. To think I should have brought this disgrace on myself."

"Don't talk wet. All the more shame to you that you wasted your time making fag coupons when you could of bin making pound notes. Now, when 's your Earliest Possible Date of Release?"

"June the Thirteenth next. No. I 'm telling a lie. It was June the Fourteenth," the old boy said.

"Oky doke, well, don't go losing any remission and keep your lips buttoned up. I don't want you letting anybody know what I bin telling you."

You see how it was. The Gilt Kid got the old geezer straightened up, met him when he came out, staked him, put him to work on making pound notes. And, boy, could the old feller make it good? I ain't a-kidding to you. That 's exactly what he did. And the Gilt Kid boxed clever. Yes, son, the Gilt Kid boxed clever. He knew he was on to a real good thing and acted wide. He 's got the old boy grafting away for a month, practising and practising until he 's got it off good.

"'Blige me," said the Gilt Kid at last. "Caw, strike a light. You can't tell them apart. Straight up you can't. May I be topped."

And there he was, standing there holding a bad 'un and a real pound note straight from the Bank of England. The old geezer, grinning all over his pan like a dog that 's been patted on the nut, come out with a stroke.

"What we going to do? Let 's go up to the pub at the top of the street and have one. We can smash one of these new 'uns."

You want to see the Gilt Kid rort. He didn't half say a few words.

"Blimey," he 's turned round and said, "blimey. Strike a light. Don't you never let me hear you talking soft like that again," he 's said, "or I 'll break your bleeding neck," he 's said. "You want to use your loaf," he 's said. "All you got to do is to make the stuff. I 'll take care of all the thinking and do all the suggesting without any advice from an old fool like you. Change a note at the boozer. Caw, a kid going to school 'd know better than to talk as wet as that. Change a note at the boozer. Caw. If you wasn't so handy as a penman I 'd give you a good doing I would. So help me God, I would."

So the Gilt Kid 's used his nut and boxed clever. He 's got five little mobs at work for him. There 's one working up in Islington and another in Notting Hill. He 's got another little click changing it south the Thames, and a fourth grafting down in Hoxton. And he 's even got one right here in the West End. Each of these little mobs consists of three blokes, one carrying the stuff and the other two changing it and the Gilt Kid 's laughing. All he 's got to do is sit back and have a giggle. Once a week he makes his round and gives the boys the notes. Twelve pound they give him for a hundred quids' worth. Well, you 're an educated kind of a bloke, mister, and I don't have to tell you that five twelves make sixty. He 's splitting two ways with the old printer who 's laughing because he 's never seen so much dough in all his life and the Gilt Kid 's laughing because he 's making himself a sweet little thirty quid every seven days. The boys are all laughing, too. The stuff looks good and none of them makes a tumble.

In fact, the only people who ain't having a good giggle 's the boys up at the Yard and that 's because they ain't got nothing to laugh about. North, East, South, West, the squeak 's coming in about bad dough. Bookmakers, tradesmen, publicans, they 're all getting queer notes shoved at them. And it 's such good queer that there ain't one of them knows enough to refuse it.

(Concluded on page vi)

Valerie Hobson and Tony Havelock-Allan

Film star Valerie Hobson and film producer Anthony Havelock-Allan announced their engagement last week. Her latest film, now being made, is "The Silent Battle," of which he is producer (John Loder is in it, too). She is a Korda star, made her name in "The Drum," is the daughter of Com. and Mrs. R. G. Hobson, of 32, Grosvenor Street, W.1

An expected Hollywood marriage is Clark Gable's to Carole Lombard. His wife has just divorced him, and her former marriage to William Powell was dissolved in 1933. But they have to wait for a honeymoon gap in Gable's "Gone With the Wind" schedule. He is Rhett Butler to Vivien Leigh's Scarlett O'Hara

Clark Gable and Carole Lombard

Britain Won the Women's Squash International

Lady Worthington Evans presented the Wolfe-Noel Cup to Margot Lumb, the British captain, after her side beat the American team by five matches to love. The Americans were the holders. Their captain, Miss A. Page, only got two points against Miss Lumb. Susan Noel, the Hon. Anne Lytton-Milbanke, Lady Katharine Cairns, and Mrs. F. C. Dawnay made up the British team

News Reel

Lecturer and Fashion Demonstrator

Lady Maureen Stanley has gone to make a lecture tour in the Balkans under the auspices of the British Council, and she and Lady O'Neill, who has gone with her, have taken a trousseau of British fashion models to wear on the trip. Mr. Oliver Stanley, President of the Board of Trade, saw his wife off at Victoria

Young French Politicians in London

Mlle. Renée Stein, M. Jean Choffel, Mlle. Zahie Rousseau, and M. Paul Flandin were delegates from the Ecole des Sciences Politiques in Paris to the debates in English and French at the London School of Economics. Renée Stein went winter-sporting in Megève and Gstaad earlier on. Young M. Flandin is the son of the French politician

Go West, South or High

Go West and Swim

Mrs. William Robertson takes a brisk heel-and-toe line over the wet sand in her strapless swim-suit, the first to appear on Breakers Beach, an exclusive strip of Palm Beach territory. She comes from Brooklyn, New York, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred L. Fawcett

To Make a Mermaid Jealous

Another of the Palm Beach beauties is this lovely ex-debutante, Cobina Wright, Jr., of East 57th Street, New York City. She was one of the glamour girls of the 1937 deb season in New York. She goes in the pool at the Sun and Surf Club with all her rings on

Go South and Play Tennis

Gottfried von Cramm arrived in Monte Carlo ten days or so ago, and lost no time in going along to the Country Club for his first practice game. His friends and fans all wish him well now that he is able to start playing serious tennis again

The Butler Trophy—Runners-Up, Donor and Winners

Mrs. G. Pierce Butler presented the Butler Trophy and replicas to the winners, Y. Pétra and J. Lesueur (right) after their victory in the all-French final at Monte Carlo. The runners-up (left) were H. Bolelli and H. Pelizza, who lost 6—8, 6—2, 6—1, 2—6, 6—1. Pelizza and Pétra, now France's two leading players, met in the singles final of the Monte Carlo tournament, Pelizza winning by 6—8, 6—3, 6—2

Go West and Govern — Governor's Wife

Sir Arthur Richards has been Captain-General and Governor in Chief of Jamaica since last year. He came from Fiji to take over his rather difficult post—Jamaica's social and economic conditions are under investigation by the West Indies Royal Commission. His wife, Lady Richards, is the former Noelle Benda Whitehead. Their two small sons, aged eight and two, are with them at King's House

Artist in Wood

Edna Manley is the brilliant Jamaican sculptress who works in rare local woods. She is the wife of the coloured K.C., known as the Jamaican Birkenhead, who heads the drive for self-government. The two of them are leaders of the new Jamaican intelligentsia

English Visitor

Another Jamaican snapshot shows Cynthia Elliot, sun-dazzled and sunburnt, in Montego Bay. She is the daughter of Mrs. Gilbert Elliot and sister of Alexander Elliot, who married Lord Jersey's younger sister

Go High and Ski

The beer-drinkers at Mürren were Miss Diana Cavendish and her sister, Sybil Cavendish, who have been out there in Lady Honor Channon's party. They are Lord Richard Cavendish's two youngest daughters. The Mürren season reaches its climax next week-end, when the Alpine- (ex-Arlberg) Kandahar race will be run

Go South and Be Idle

First, last, and unfailing Riviera pleasure in all the seasons is eating and drinking out of doors. No one cares whether your food and your drinks were well-earned or not, or how long you linger and idle over them. Denis Russell, Joan Baker and Michael Fleming had just ordered their apéritifs at Monte Carlo's Café de Paris. Michael Fleming is explorer-author Peter Fleming's brother

The Prince and His Granddaughter

Prince Louis II. of Monaco and his attractive debutante granddaughter, Princesse Antoinette, were photographed together in the Palace garden. The Princess has Scottish and German blood in her from her great-grandmother, who was Lady Mary Douglas Hamilton, daughter of the eleventh Duke of Hamilton who married Princess Mary of Baden and died in 1863

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Roehampton and Ranelagh: Hail and Farewell

"THE BYSTANDER Ladies' Autumn Foursomes will be played at Roehampton, Monday, October 9th, to Friday, October 13th, 1939. Practice days, Monday to Friday the week preceding." An innocent enough announcement that looks not very different at first sight from that which has appeared for the last seventeen years. On second thoughts, though, there is a world of difference, excuse for a reminiscent tear, cause for a hearty cheer that the BYSTANDER has such good friends at hand in the moment of need. There is no certainty that Ranelagh will be available when October comes; with the kindly courtesy which that club has always shown to BYSTANDER foursomes, Colonel Whitmee has given due warning, and suggested that, for this year at any rate, other arrangements should be made. Thoughts flew at once to Roehampton, who till now have nobly accommodated the foursomes for longer handicaps. Could they instead let the major tournament, complete with its challenge cups, find a home with them in 1939?

The request was hardly made before it was granted, and in even more generous form than it was made. Instead of four days' play, with 128 couples, this year's Autumn Foursomes will be five days, which means that 190 couples can be accepted, one round being played on the Monday, one on the Tuesday, and two the three remaining days. And competitors will be allowed to practise on any day of the preceding Monday to Friday on payment of a reduced green fee. Could anything be more hospitable?

The playing limit will be 30 joint handicap, entries being accepted from the 190 couples with the lowest joint handicap, the remainder put on a waiting-list to fill any later vacancies. If anything can combine the advantages of both tournaments as played previously, it is hoped that this plan can, for which competitors and management alike are unboundedly grateful to Roehampton.

AT the same time, it would be gross ingratitude not to leave Ranelagh with infinite regret. We may have cursed the ponds and the bandstands, the shrubberies and the polo boards when we got into them, but it was only the kind of affectionate, mock cursing that one bestows on a well-loved friend, different from all others. Roehampton has charms of its own, which will doubtless grow with opportunity; it is hardly a moment further from London—which is one great object when entering for Autumn Foursomes; the gardens are lovely; everybody there is out to minister to the enjoyment of the competitors. Comparisons, we know, are odious; but if only the weather is kind there is no conceivable reason why Autumn Foursomes, New and Enlarged Edition, at Roehampton should not rival the old original at Ranelagh.

And just as we go to press comes an invitation from Royal Mid-Surrey to play the Autumn Foursomes there. It cannot, of course, be accepted. Plans are already made and announced, but that does not stop anyone from being enormously grateful for such an offer from such a club. Truly the BYSTANDER is lucky in its friends!

THE Wakefield Trophy is starting its second annual tournament early this year, determined to beat the 3000 cards, the £120 profit for the Duchess of York Maternity Clinic and the Elsie Inglis Memorial Maternity Hospital, Edinburgh. From to-day until May 31st players can take out as many cards as they like at 1s. a card, on any affiliated course, provided their handicap is not less than 10, and under a playing limit of 30. No doubt many clubs, instead of a desultory taking out of cards, will have a grand bust-up of them, as a start, on a medal or spring meeting day. After which those who think they might have done better will take out cards individually till they are satisfied, and then perhaps there will be another grand finale when all the members take out cards together. For this is one of those happy occasions when you have not one, nor two, but as many chances as you wish. Make the most of them!

COUNTY captains and eager Press representatives just now chase after possible new talent, mostly as seen in County second teams. Hampshire think they have a hopeful in Miss Stevens, who certainly hits the ball a most determined crack and seems to have the right temperament; Herts are equally sure that Miss Walker will do well for them.

Herts II. *v.* Bucks II. is the last match to come into this week's page, and against its three matches to the twentieth hole and one to the nineteenth I have one serious grudge. Lillywhite's were holding an opening display of their figure fitness classes—and there was I a fixture at Beaconsfield until after the display started, and never got there at all. Let nobody suppose I am vainly thinking of my own figure; walking a thousand miles a year must look after that, but I am told these classes can really benefit the woman golfer. They are, anyway, worth an enquiry of Miss Enid Wilson at 90, Brompton Road.

Mrs. Van den Bergh captained Temple, the winning team, whose aggregate was 347, and returned a score of 92 (handicap 13). With her is Miss M. Heather, of Newbury, whose team was third at 373

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes

Conditions and entry form will be found on page viii of this issue.

The Berkshire County Inter-Club Challenge Shield at Maidenhead was Won by Temple

Miss A. Parker, playing off 17, returned 87 for Temple. Her opponent was Mrs. Blair Cochrane, of Newbury. Only players who have never been in a first team are eligible for their clubs

Mrs. W. R. Fuller played for Sonning, who were fourth and last with 384. Mrs. J. L. West did well for Calcot, the holders, who were second with 362

Mrs. Austin Dickson was another Newbury player. Miss P. Mosenthal returned top score for Temple with a net 81 from a handicap of 15

THE MODERN WOMAN – ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MASTERPIECE

Beauty en voyage

Beauty may travel light or with a posse of cabin trunks: wherever she goes you'll find a Beauty Box at her side—a treasure chest of beauty planned for her especially by Elizabeth Arden.

Beauty Box—20 gns.—an Elizabeth Arden masterpiece, fitted to the smallest detail. In black or navy calf, or pigskin. *(Above.)*

Beauty Box—a complete treasure of beauty, exquisitely fitted. In black or brown. 11 gns. *(Left.)*

Morocco Leather Beauty Box fitted with essential preparations and make-up. Bottles swing upright when the box is opened. 7½ gns. *(Right.)*

Slim smart Case, black or brown, fitted with especially designed light-weight jars. Ideal for week-ends. 3½ gns. *(Lower Left.)*

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Guildford Alliance Championship

WSMITHERS, one of Michael Bingham's assistants at Sunningdale, won the championship of the Guildford and District Golfing Alliance with a score of 66 on the Old Course of the Sunningdale Golf Club and a score of 75 on the other course.

Smithers started his golfing career as a caddie at Sunningdale and, while still a caddie, holed the Old Course there in 64 strokes in a friendly match. This wonderful score, plus the influence and assistance of friends, got him a job as an assistant professional in Canada. Shortly after his arrival in Canada he won the Assistants' Championship of that country by a big margin, and did extremely well in the professional championship.

He returned to England some months before the Open Championship of 1936, and as he was unable to get a job in this country, had once again to make money by carrying golf clubs, and was carrying clubs during the Amateur Championship of 1936 at St. Andrews.

He played in the Open Championship of 1936 at Hoylake, where he returned in the qualifying stages a round of 70 at Hoylake and a round of 71 at Wallasey. These scores were only beaten by one man, T. H. Cotton, who returned 68 at Hoylake and the same score as Smithers at Wallasey. In the championship proper, Smithers returned scores of 75, 73, 77, and 74, and with his total of these scores, finished in the fifteenth place—a fine performance for a young man playing in the Open Championship for the first time.

In spite of his good play at Hoylake, he still could not get a job as assistant professional, and had to continue caddying until Michael Bingham was appointed to the post of professional to the Sunningdale Golf Club. On his appointment, Bingham gave Smithers his first job as an assistant professional golfer in the British Isles.

GOOD a golfer as Smithers was before he joined Bingham, he has since made tremendous strides under his guidance. The old slapdash of his long play has steadied down, and now he chips as well as anyone and puts his approach putts so close that he seldom is required to hole putts of awkward lengths.

The playing strength of the members of the Guildford and District Golfing Alliance is probably stronger than that of any other golfing alliance. In the field against Smithers were three Ryder Cup golfers—namely, W. J. Cox, A. J. Lacey, and D. J. Rees. It was unfortunate that A. Perry, the Open champion of 1935, who won the Surrey Golf Union's open championship last year on the same courses as this Alliance Championship was played, was unable to play. The local professional, M. Bingham, was another important absentee, owing to the fact that he was in hospital at the time. But even if he and Perry had been playing, there is little doubt that Smithers would still have won the title.

BOBBY JONES'S score of 66 on the Old Course at Sunningdale, which he returned in the qualifying rounds of the Open Championship of 1926, still, however, remains the official record of the course, owing to the fact that the Guildford and District Golfing Alliance has a rule allowing balls to be wiped on the putting surface. Consequently, Smithers' round was not played according to the Rules of Golf and the local rules of the club, on whose course play took place.

It is interesting to compare Jones's score with Smithers'; Smithers' was without doubt the better performance. He was playing in February in a strong wind with little run on the fairways. The wind was so strong that even such a big hitter as A. Lacey could only just carry the heathery mound at the first hole in two strokes and had a shot of well over 100 yards for his third. Bobby Jones returned his 66 on June 16th, 1926, when seven greens could be reached from the tee and when all the other holes could be reached with a drive and an iron. The fairways also were hard, and consequently the ball was running a long way and the air was light.

The details of Jones's score are easy to relate: he had threes at the fourth, fifth, eighth, eleventh, thirteenth, and fifteenth holes and all the other holes in four. He failed to get his three at the third and also at the ninth, and did not have a two on his card.

Smithers' card read as follows:

OUT— 6, 5, 4, 2, 4, 5, 4, 3, 3=36.
HOME—3, 3, 4, 2, 4, 3, 3, 4, 4=30.

So next time you start a medal round 6, 5, there is no need to give up hope and talk about tearing up your card.

BRANKSOME CHALLENGE CUP

GOLFERS who know all about the annual Branksome Challenge Cup week-end in the autumn will not be surprised that a spring counterpart has been planned on the same lines. The Branksome Challenge Foursomes Spring Meeting (first year) will be held at Parkstone on March 25th and 26th. The promoters are the Branksome Tower Hotel, Bournemouth, in conjunction with *Golf Illustrated*, and the organiser is Austin F. Carris, founder and president of the Hazards' Golfing Society. Four-ball foursomes (scratch and handicap) over 18 holes will be played on Saturday, March 25th, and four- and two-ball Stableford Point Competitions (36 holes) on March 26th. Entries (no fees) to A. F. Carris, Kingswood, Hendon Avenue, Finchley, N.3, not later than first post, March 20th.

The Thirty-Two Club Lose to Oxford

R. Neil and S. P. Morrison halved with their Oxford opponents, T. C. Harvey and J. R. Briggs, and in the singles Neil halved and Morrison won. The Thirty-Two Club, a Scottish team, won the foursomes by 3½ to 2½, but lost the singles 8—4. The match was played at Ashridge

J. Crawford and H. G. McCallum won 3 and 2 against S. Pether and R. C. Twining, but they both lost their singles in the Thirty-Two Club—Oxford match

J. M. Dykes and D. Cameron, top Scottish pair, beat J. C. Lawrie and T. C. Harvey. Dykes, a Walker Cup player, lost by 6 and 5 in the singles to Lawrie, the Oxford captain

Reginald Hunter and C. S. Brown were fourth of the Thirty-Two Club's six couples, and lost to C. B. Walker and A. S. Gilbey by 5 and 3

This is the Gin

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Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

THE dumping on these shores of State-exported foreign cars is again coming into the public eye, and is one of the pegs upon which an appeal is being hung for a change in the methods of imposing motor taxation in a memorandum which has been sent to the Chancellor of the Exchequer by the Motor Legislation Committee and the British Road Federation.

Great stress is also laid on the point that the excessive taxation of motor vehicles in Great Britain has been a serious handicap to the development of our export trade. Particular attention is drawn to the new phase of ruthless competition by means of subsidies and other artificial aids with which the British industry now has to contend.

Special attention is drawn to the fact that in certain Continental countries a very high estimation is now placed on the national and military value of motor transport, and its rapid development is encouraged by low taxation. Intensive efforts are also being made to expand export trade. The British motor industry is thus faced with competitive conditions of an unprecedented nature.

The Treasury is asked to discuss by conference with the representatives of motor transport and the motor industry the whole basis of motor taxation, which is described as illogical, inequitable, clumsy and complicated, and which in form and amount is declared to be prejudicial to the commercial progress of the country.

THERE are no fewer than eighteen main groups of motor vehicle taxation, and they range from motor lawn mowers to locomotives. Taxes are levied by a variety of methods, and are also graded in relation to the propellent power. Over and above this conglomeration of taxes, states the memorandum, there are heavy duties levied on motor fuel, and this tax alone has increased by 125 per cent. in the last ten years.

The memorandum points out that there is no justification for meeting the total expenditure of roads from motor taxation revenue, but for several years past this income has been far in excess of the total cost of the roads. The gross total revenue derived from the taxation of motor vehicles and their fuels was £84,751,000 in 1937-38, and the estimate for 1938-39 is £93,550,000.

In the four years ending March 1938 this revenue represented an average annual excess of £17,000,000 over the total local and national expenditure on the roads. It is estimated that the excess will be considerably higher this year. "This excess," says the memorandum, "has become a special tax upon road motor transport for general revenue purposes. There is no parallel tax upon any other form of transport, and no justification exists for the application of a tax of this nature solely to road motor transport."

The request is made for a thorough investigation of the basis and amount of motor taxation, and the Chancellor is asked to arrange for consultations between the Treasury and the motor organisations for this purpose. As a transitional measure the organisations suggest that a reduction of 25 per cent. in the taxation of private cars, motor-cycles, goods and hackney vehicles be considered.

A WEEK or so back I travelled in a car which gave one of the most remarkable and convincing exhibitions of top-gear flexibility I have ever seen. There were four of us in the car, three passengers and a chauffeur, and we set out from a West End motor showroom in the thick of the mid-morning traffic. Before we actually started, however, the chauffeur engaged top and then detached the gear-lever, which was stowed away in the back of the car.

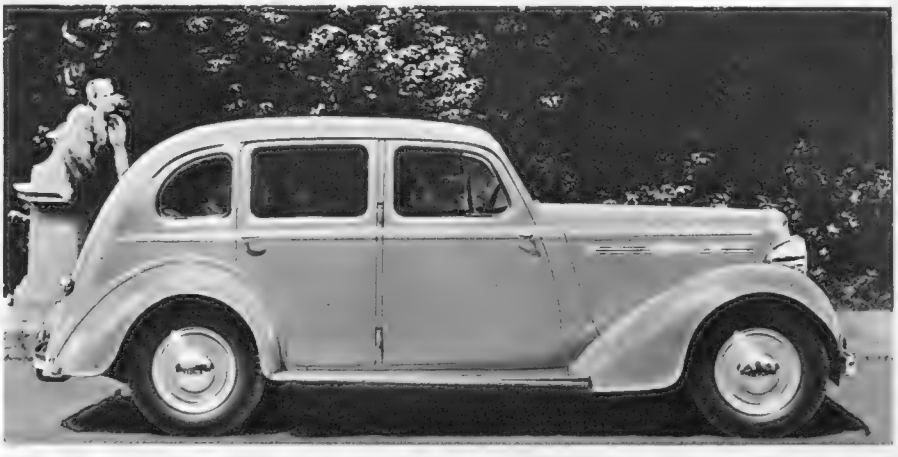
Now the car in question weighed 31¼ cwt. without crew, the engine was of 4½-litres capacity and the top-gear ratio was 4.09 to 1. We pulled away smoothly and entirely without fuss and were bowling along at 30 m.p.h. in less than 7 seconds—pretty good, eh?

Yes; and this performance was no mere fluke, for it was repeated on many occasions when we were stopped by signal lights and the hundred-and-one other hazards of the London streets. Threading our way through the traffic with entire ease, we were whirled up the not-inconsiderable acclivity of Swaine's Lane, Hampstead, as though it were level ground.

Then the car was turned Surrey-wards and on the Kingston by-pass we were treated to other examples of the amazing flexibility of this virtually gearless British car. Acceleration from 20 m.p.h. to 40 m.p.h. occupied 6½ seconds, and 30 m.p.h. to 50 m.p.h. was accomplished in a shade over 7 seconds! A top speed of 85 m.p.h. was clocked, despite an adverse head-wind, and at all speeds the car rode with consummate ease and comfort.

The test concluded with a straightforward ascent of Box Hill from a halt at the foot—four up, remember, and taking-off in top gear—the second (right-hand) hairpin-bend being negotiated in one gratifying surge of controlled power which suggested that there was plenty in reserve.

Well, I know you want to know the name of the wonder-car which can put up a show like this, so I won't keep you in suspense any longer—it is the Humber "Super-Snipe." I don't know of any other British car which could begin to compete with this effortless and convincing performance on level terms. For the case-hardened driver this car provides a new thrill in motoring, while for the lady driver it is a sheer joy because she can forget she has a gear-box without in any way damaging the transmission. Congratulations, Humbers!



***Top-gear miracle** performed by the Humber "Super-Snipe" is described by Mr. Hess this week—a run from Hampstead through London to Surrey with the gear-lever detached. This 27-h.p. car with a six-windowed touring saloon body is priced at £385.*

A CORRECTION.

In our issue of March 1 we stated under a picture of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Bevan at Cottenham that Mr. Bevan had three horses running but no wins. This was incorrect; the winner of the Athenæum Cup, Mr. C. O. Jansen's Kneedeep, was trained by Mr. Bevan, and the other horse he ran at this meeting was pulled up. We much regret this mistake.

***Popular** as eggs and bacon is the Ford "V-8" "22"—it has the roominess and low running costs of a family car, and the lines and performance for the most sophisticated and exigent owner*

***Royal cars** are the Daimlers, both metaphorically and because the King uses them. This one is the new "Fifteen" 2½-litre, with a drop-head cabriolet body that gives four-seater space and a big curved luggage-boot. Its price is £605*

By Land, Sea or Air—Luxury Everywhere

Lady Anne Hill, enjoying the comfort and service of the famous L.N.E.R. **Coronation Express.** She says: "Whether I'm travelling or staying at home, I always enjoy a plain Martini Vermouth before dinner. I consider it the ideal 'first course' and I'm sure it helps to keep one fit."

The record-breaking '**Queen Mary.**' **The Earl of Northesk**, a regular ocean traveller, says: "A plain Martini Vermouth is a splendid dinner partner—on land or sea. Both for pleasure and health, it's the perfect drink before or with the meal."

Lady Margaret Douglas Home travels in the luxurious Air France Liner. She says: "I'm certainly air-minded and I'm Martini-minded too! It's such a healthy drink, I prefer it neat and find its stimulating effect invaluable, especially on a lengthy trip."

MV 25a

There are fashions even in drinks—and the latest in England and America is—Plain Martini Vermouth before the meal or with the hors d'œuvres. Fortunately, this is a fashion that leads to fitness, for I understand that the natural aromatic herbs which are blended with the rich matured wine are excellent for toning up the stomach and digestive organs. They ensure perfect assimilation of food and, incidentally, help to keep the figure youthful and slim.

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

African Feminists

By V. S. Pritchett

Anthropology has abolished the word "savage" from serious conversation about native races. It was Mr. Tom Harrisson, I believe, who compared a certain tribe of head hunters very favourably with old Harrovians. Now comes a book on the Ibo women of south-eastern Nigeria who recall the later feminists. *African Women*, by Mrs. Sylvia Leith Ross (Faber; 15*s.*), is an amusing, instructive, patient and extremely readable study of these impressive ladies. Indeed, they are alarming. In character the Ibo women might be called a potent mixture of the Wife of Bath and the skirted economists of Mr. Bernard Shaw. They have economic and legal equality with men, are farmers and traders, have powerful councils which enact laws. A few years ago, anticipating Miss Virginia Woolf's advice to English women, they rose in a mass rebellion called the Aba riots, and were indignant when they were fired on; not, one gathers, on sentimental grounds, but because they regarded themselves as magically immune.

The hard-headed, adaptable Ibo character has its disconcerting sides. One has an awful respect rather than admiration for the Ibo women. They love children—but not too many. They have taken to the European regard for money values with unabashed efficiency. Polygamy leads sometimes to a grim sexual solidarity; one woman said she preferred polygamy because, if your husband ill-treated you, the second wife would be a valuable witness in any case you might bring against him. But the independence of the Ibo women makes them honest. With the break-up of tribal life, there was for a period a discovery that prostitution paid. Married women—not the single—stopped farming and came to the towns—and scrupulously paid back their marriage payments to the husbands they had deserted, out of their earnings. In their matter-of-fact way, the Ibos have been known to use the word "civilised" as a synonym of "immoral." They are avid for the new "immorality," though one earnest enquirer was heard to ask whether the trade slump came from God or Government. As for Christianity, the people naturally go where they get most. The choice is wide. There are fourteen sects in Port Harcourt, including the Zion and Bethel branches of Methodism, the Swedenborgians, of all people; the Faith Tabernacle, Salvation Army, Apostolic Mission, and the Latter-Day Saints!

Miss I. Compton-Burnett has rightly become a fashion, but I do not think *A Family and a Fortune* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is as good as the superb *Brothers and Sisters*. That sinister, stylised dialogue, that terrifying elevation of triviality to a sort of tyranny, require the dramatic and macabre theme. She must be the only writer who has made incest the subject of artificial comedy. Her dialogue is like a conversation between very well-bred gravestones:

"So, Middleton, I am pleased to see you once more on this side of the grave."

"Why are people proud of expecting to die soon?" said Dudley to Mark. "I think it is humiliating to have so little life left."

"They are triumphant at having made sure of more life than other people. And they don't really think they will die."

"No, of course, they have got into the way of living. I see it is a life-long habit."

Peter Opie

Is a young author whose first book "I Want To Be a Success" is reviewed here

The interest of this artificial speech is that it is not what people really say, but what they think and do not say. Their naked egotism, their candid poses, their frightful solicitude, their blasting statements about each others' lives, characters, manners and motives, are life with the censor removed by common sophistication. This uncanny quality is carried into the descriptions of people. Thus Miss Griffin, the overworked companion, is negligible but for "hands that are more developed than her body." Mr. Middleton "wanted to write," but had never done so. "The desire gave him enough occupation," his wife thought, "and he almost seemed to feel the same." There is whole character in the word "almost." Miss Compton-Burnett's families are always the same. Rich, leisured, inturned in mind, sterile in heart. In a sense, they are symbols of a class where masks have at last killed the people who wear them. The present story describes the corrupting influence of more money on such a group. A vague wife dies, a younger brother becomes engaged and then calmly allows his elder brother, the widower, to take over his fiancée: "That is the worst of kindness, people take advantage of it. You really have done so." He adds: "It will give me a great hold on you both." At each stage, how everyone must behave—for style is everything—in the new situation, what everyone will feel, is frigidly discussed, with the appalling calculating exactitude of our private thoughts.

What is Mr. Peter Opie? A gossip-writer in bud? A Beverley Nichols taking his first toddling steps down the garden path? He was eighteen when he wrote *I Want to be a Success* (Michael Joseph; 15*s.*), a book about his time at Eton and a journey to India after he left. It probably does not occur to Etonians that to have been at Eton does not necessarily make one interesting. Eton curses its pupils with a crashing social naïveté. Any merit this book has lies in its transparently sincere portrait of a very normal young man. A picture of Deanna Durbin stands on his desk, but real girls are "blasé and shallow":

"What an influence for the good (or bad) a girl has." (!)

And here is an urgent line for parents:

"Are you quite sure that your child is not a trifle shy or awkward in your presence? Quite sure?"

That sounds like Frank Buchman, or a line out of *Young England*. But after one has laughed, one must admit the charm of this document. Good-humoured candour without aggressive frankness is a gift. There is a kind of courage in being so ordinary.

Signor Ignazio Silone is the foremost living Italian novelist. He is an ex-Communist. The ex-Communists are by far the most instructed of the younger political writers. It is typical, too, that a one-time writer of tripe novels, as Benito Mussolini was (*Claudia Porticella* or *The Cardinal's Mistress* is his "masterpiece") should have exiled the author of little classics like *Fontamara* and *Bread and Wine*. *The School for Dictators* (Cape; 8*s.* 6*d.*) is a brilliant, searching, learned and enormously entertaining enquiry into why that kind of spirit is abroad in Europe. A professor of theories and a cynic full of facts are taking the future American dictator, Mr. W., on an educational tour, education being what Mr. W. never had and what he is unshakenly determined to dispense with. He is a kind of shrewd, sinister Uncle Remus out for power. It is too easy to discuss Fascism as a straightforward bogey; and a good many of Fascism's opponents are as irrational as Fascists themselves; in fact, as Signor Silone shows from intimate knowledge of the contradictions, volte-face and disingenuities of its various history, Fascism is no fixed target. It is opportunist and constantly changing. It is the religion of the unadapted, and Signor Silone, with lovely sardonic detachment and without superfluous appeals to moral indignation, has written the perfect anatomy of the beast.

I Think Aloud in America, by Odette Keun, is published by Longmans, Green and Co. (12*s.* 6*d.*), and not by Michael Joseph, as stated in the review in our issue of February 22nd.

Spring Fashions 1939

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

YOUR Easter bonnet—as fresh and sparkling as pussy willow against a spring sky; gay as ragwort on the heath; sophisticated as the pale spotted orchids worn on mink in December. Here is the hat to open your summer season; to be first "straw" in a line of millinery successes. Maybe you have worn your "first straw" already; but don't forget that tradition demands an Easter bonnet with "flowers upon it." You will be safe with this one. The model in the picture was made in purple straw, with shaded purple cornflowers and veiling to match. But the fancy coarse straw which is used would look particularly well in natural and in white. This is just one example from an exciting new collection of spring and summer hats awaiting your attention at Henry Heath, 172, New Bond Street. As well as youthful models like this one, there are many styles—no less exhilarating—for the older woman. These are designed for larger heads and have too, that elegance which is characteristic of models from this house

Week-end Specials

AWAY for a country week-end, to find where the sun shines on downland, and lords-and-ladies brighten the hedgerows. She travels in a begonia-red three-piece, slick as a guardee's uniform, and almost as colourful. It comes from the Ready-to-Wear department on the second floor at Jay's, Regent Street. The top coat, in Saxony, has big patch pockets, a military array of buttons and a belted back. Under it, a collarless suit, jacket cut to match the top-coat, plain two-pleat skirt, and black "dicky." You can wear this about town any morning you feel cheerful, and it will carry you through most week-ends. Jay's have it in several colours, but don't rule out the red—it is a becoming shade, and not a difficult one to wear. For striding about the estate and being knowledgeable at "Sunday morning stables," you cannot better the suit on the right, from Gorringes, Buckingham Palace Road. It is made in a lightweight angora tweed, natural colour with a brown single-line overcheck. The skirt is bias-cut, and the pleats are edge-stitched; this shelves your responsibility for looking after the skirt, and its new fullness leaves you free to climb stiles and even five-barred gates without any difficulty

Scott Bushe

Scott Bushe

Suits on the Up-and-Up . . .

EVER felt this way early in the morning? Cause and effect here are both provided by three new suits. Left, grey West of England cloth for a suit from Derry and Toms, High Street, Kensington. The jacket is trimmed with lines of padding and fastens by a buckle at the neck and another at the waist. Skirt has unpressed godets at the side. Doing the "donkey work," Harvey Nichols' black "townee" with full swirling skirt and waist-hugging "bell-hop" jacket. Two plastrons of braid on the front of the jacket are matched by corded ornaments—the shape of "sailors' plug"—at each side of the pill-box hat. A frothy veil ties under the chin. Harvey Nichols (Knightsbridge) also supplied a blouse trimmed with hand-faggoting—perfectly in keeping with the spirit of the suit. For colour, try Fortnum and Mason's (Piccadilly) soft wool suit in pale almond green. Green and white wheels on a wine background make the pattern for foulard collar and cuffs. This skirt has its fullness from front and back panels of box-pleats. The hat is petersham, and would be made to match any of the alternative suit colourings. The model for the picture was dark red — emphasising the happy contrast of collars and cuffs — and the trimming, green and white

"Dress-up" Date—or

WHEN it's a "dress-up" date there is a cool dignity about a fitting evening frock which will turn you from a sun-bathing siren into an *élégante* in less time than it takes to imagine the transformation. Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, have the lovely gown on the left. It is made in white crêpe, starred with gold sequins, widely spaced at the top, massed at the waist. The skirt is kilt-pleated all round, the pleats stitched over the hips, and each is covered with sequins on the outward side. A one-line sequin belt defines the waist. The Debenham collection also shows full-skirted evening dresses, in taffeta and moire as well as the lighter and more bouffant materials. Ask to see a full-skirted, cloud-coloured net frock, with sequins glistening through its mistiness. Over all your evening dresses—white fox. A cape or a coat? It's for you to decide. But you will like Harrods' (Knightsbridge) white Arctic fox bolero mounted on white crêpe marocain. The shape is excellent, for the neckline is rounded and flat. The bolero can be copied in other fox pelts—natural blue, cross, or silver fox

Scott Bushe

Evening's most glamorous fur—white fox; so luxurious, so becoming, so very correct For dining and dancing, the theatre, receptions, the Courts . . . white fox is always right, and nothing could be more flattering to skin and hair

Debutante Dance

Scott Bushe

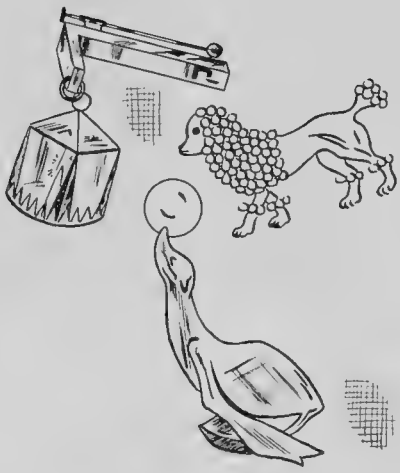
THE Court curtsey has been made; the list of "deb dances" grows daily longer, the "Season" gets under way. The debutante, with presentation behind her, reviews her wardrobe, imagining herself at the functions she longs to attend. Evening dresses are probably the most stimulating to her imagination. She cannot have too many, but each must be chosen carefully, and for its effect. The two on this page, though different in character, would both be useful additions to the season's repertoire. The frock on the left comes from Liberty's, Regent Street, Inexpensive department. In white taffeta appliquéd on to stiff net, it is delightfully fresh and simple. Its strapless top and gathered bodice give it that air of sophistication so dear to the heart of the just-grown-up. Liberty have the same frock in black; in this colour it is well qualified for "backbone of the wardrobe" status. Slightly more sophisticated is the dress above, from the Inexpensive department of Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street. It is made in blue-and-fuchsia-shot taffeta and its line is excellent—slimming and height-giving. It has a gathered bodice, fitting midriff section, and a stiff flounce to give the fullness which is so popular

the bystander turns in search of novelties

discovered by peta

pictured by nam

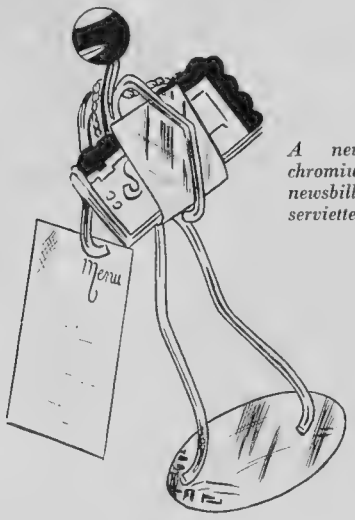
Any new hat is a novelty, but these two Condor models are particularly interesting. The boater on the left is made entirely of veiling—35 yards of it—twisted and woven to look like very crisp but fragile straw. Two shades of "French fuchsia" are used, and the veil trimming in the lighter shade is the same as the veiling used in the construction. The second model in black rayon straw has a wide-meshed chignon of white wool lace, which also makes the trimming



"Six o'clock and all 's well"—the lantern won't light you home, but it 's smart, with its real glass sides and a tiny candle inside. It hangs from a gilt bar brooch and costs 10s. 6d. from Swan and Edgar of Piccadilly Circus. The poodle-pup—a brooch—is exceptionally well-modelled in gilt. The unshaven parts are filled in with tiny seed pearls. He costs 5/-. His companion from the circus is a trained seal, also in gilt, costing 5/6

Presentation cigarette-boxes with suitable inscriptions are one of the bright ideas from Dunhill's, 30, Duke Street. The cigarettes have red silk tips; Virginia or Turkish, 80 in a box for 25/-

Evening sophistication for the man who really likes a pipe—the black lacquered bamboo cigarette-holder, light-weight, and in a box "dedicated to the big table." Price 21/-



A newspaper-seller—in tubular chromium, holds the menu as a newsbill and a bundle of paper serviettes under his arm. 25/-

Non-disappearing bridge pencils which cannot roll off the table (shown far right). If knocked over, they merely roll round in ineffectual circles. In various colours, decorated with suit emblems, including coronets, in case you play five-suit bridge. Not quite so big as an acorn, but closely resembling one, is the tiny silver pencil to hang on a charm bracelet. It is telescopic, as you can see, and costs 14/6 from Dunhill's

The ever pleasant background
Player's Please
In the breeze of the downs, the solitude of the study, or the glitter of the ball-room, accustomed fingers reach casually for the cigarette that provides the ever-pleasant background.
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES "MEDIUM" OR "MILD" CORK-TIPPED OR PLAIN . 10 for 6d . 20 for 11½d
N.C.C.458A

A fine car!

Among the many interesting features distinguishing the new Chrysler cars is Dual Power Transmission, of which Robert Walling of the Evening Standard recently wrote:—

"The beauty of the system is that he (*the driver*) can change in a flash from "dual top" to top gear by merely pressing the accelerator pedal to the floor and lifting it up again. The change is made automatically . . . Family drivers can change down with the accuracy and speed of racing stars by means of the device."

(24 Jan., 1939)

Your Chrysler dealer will be pleased to arrange for a trial run whenever you wish.

Chrysler

CHRYSLER MOTORS LTD., KEW, SURREY

PHONE: PROSPECT 3456

Support for Civil Aviation

By Charles Ward

The "Tipsy," a 30-mile-to-the-gallon monoplane for the Civil Air Guard, has seats side by side and a windscreen so efficient that there is no need for goggles. The 'plane is being built at Hanworth—demonstrations and sales are in the hands of Brian Allen

For the first time, the Air Estimates exceed those for the Navy and for the Army, a situation which has long been prophesied by those who realised the supreme importance of the Air Arm. Of the grand total, the sum to be spent on civil aviation is £5,000,000 in round figures, and the result should give us a definite lead in the realm of air commerce if wars and major accidents are excepted. The Air Ministry being primarily a Service department, the civil side has had to be content with very light ale for the past twenty years, but as the total vote approaches an astronomical figure, it has been easier for the Treasury to accept a reasonable estimate for trade requirements. The sum of £2,000,000 is provided for Empire and other external air-route subsidies. The Australian service will be extended to New Zealand twice weekly in each direction. Lines will be opened between Burma and China, Gambia and Nigeria, and the old landplane route through Africa will be re-established, as the flying-boat service down the coast from Mombasa omits many important centres that need a direct north and south connection. Trans-atlantic will proceed according to plan, and there is a sound proposal to use the same flying-boats for the South American line next winter, during the period when ice in Newfoundland will prevent operations on the northern route.

In the West Indies, neglected by the Colonial Office for half a century and ignored completely by the Air Ministry until this year, there is to be some British flying activity. Propaganda favouring the transfer of some of these possessions to the United States, in exchange for war-debt script, is helped by the fact that our colonies in those latitudes rely for trade and are favoured in many other respects by the proximity of the States. There is no denying the fact that we had forgotten them. A somewhat tardy admission that we should do something about air communications may help to save the day for British interests. It needs a separate company, with expert knowledge of Central America and the Caribbean, to build up the goodwill without which no commercial undertaking can compete with its rivals. In Europe it is intended to reopen the service to Budapest, which was abandoned owing to lack of suitable aircraft. Day and night services are planned to Berlin and on to Warsaw—perhaps to Moscow next year. We should have a British service to every capital in Europe by the end of 1940, given that much time for peaceful development. The trade—mail, express freight and passenger—exists already to pay a fair price for rapid transport. We need the aircraft and sufficient financial encouragement to the flying schools for the training of personnel to operate those routes. Every year, a large number of short-service commissioned officers leave the R.A.F., many of whom are keen to remain active pilots. There are opportunities in the Service to-day for young men to train for civil flying appointments whilst serving their time with the Colours. These are the recruits for commercial companies. If we have a man of vision in charge of trade development by air, he can plan at least five years ahead, bearing in mind the universal hope that the armaments race will have been decided in that period.

The "Tipsy," illustrated above, owes its somewhat odd name to Mr. Tips of the Fairey Aviation Co., who designed it whilst working for the company in Belgium. Its price complete is £675. Brian Allen is also the European distributor for the Stinson "Reliant," an American 4/5-seater cabin monoplane of known performance.

"BLACK & WHITE"

It's the Scotch!

World Renowned for Age and Quality

A Bit of Bad

(Continued from page 392)

Once or twice they 've run the rule over the Gilt Kid. It 's not because of the notes. Oh, dear, oh, Lord, no. 'Tain't that at all. Just because he 's been twelve months out of prison, and there hasn't been any kind of a job that looks like having his handwriting on it. That 's the sort of thing that makes a detective feel depressed. If all of us went straight, blimey, they 'd be out of work and drawing the dole.

Well, finally, it works out this way. The Gilt Kid 's just met Big Harry who 's running the Islington mob for him. Know Big Harry, one of the Chapel Street boys ? No ? Nice feller. Doing five stretch now in Parkhurst. Lovely dish. One of the best.

Anyway, the Gilt Kid 's been and collected his weekly twelve nicker off of Big Harry and he 's taking a stroll along Shaftesbury Avenue feeling like everything was just a bit of all right. Lovely sunny day it was and all and him with dough in his sky and his walking along laughing when up bowls a plain clothes man and claims him.

" Hallo me old china, where you off to ? " says the bogey.

" Want to know ? " the Gilt Kid 's cracked back.

" Want to know ? Naturally."

" Well, find out."

And the Gilt Kid strolls on whistling, with the bogey on his tail. Now the bogey 's got irritated, and that 's one thing you don't want to do to a cop make him get irritated. This one 's done no more. He 's nailed the Gilt Kid and he 's turned round and said :

" William Kennedy," that 's the Gilt Kid 's real monicker, William Kennedy. " William Kennedy," he 's only said, " you are a person amenable to Section Ten of the Prevention of Crimes Act, and you know as well as me that if I arrests you the old geezer will hand you out twelve munce hard labour for being a suspected person loitering with intent to commit a felony."

" So what ? " the Gilt Kid come out with.

Well, that 's got this flat-foot mad.

" So what ? " he hollered. " So this. If you don't give me an account of your actions to-day I 'll pinch you."

" Nark it. I ain't done nothing."

" I know you ain't done nothing. None of you blokes never have done nothing. Come on. Come on."

And so he 's grabbed the Gilt Kid by the arm and floated him off to the police station where he gets searched. You know how it is, mate. I don't have to tell you. Anyway, he don't talk, and there 's nothing they can pin on him until suddenly, gorblimey, the Desk Sergeant 's come out with a stroke.

" Listen, son," he 's said, " if you 're going straight and you ain't working and you ain't drawing the dole, perhaps you 'll very kindly explain to me just how you got this twelve nice little oncers in your pocket."

" Won it," the Gilt Kid 's turned round and said.

" Where ? "

" Harringay."

Then the Desk Sergeant gives a laugh.

" Don't come that old story," he 's said. " I don't stand for that sort of nonsense. They don't give you twelve nice clean notes like this all in serial order when you 've had it off at Harringay. Come on, son. Where 'd you get it ? "

" Well, that 's all there is. Believe it or not. Maybe the bookie 'd just been to the bank."

" Lock him up again."

Well, the Gilt Kid 's taken off back to his peter and he 's sat there weighing things up As far as he can see he ought to creep. Even if it is going to be a bit tough explaining how he got the dough one story 's as good as another, and even though he is under the Act there 's only the word of one copper against him, and it 's been a lot tougher for them to get an easy conviction under the Act ever since the case of Ledwith and Roberts. So he sits there in his peter laughing. Of course, he 's had to go up and write his name on the wall. William Kennedy, of Victoria, he 's written. The Gilt Kid. Under the Act. Cheer up, boys.

Suddenly a couple of coppers show up at the door.

" Okay, kid," they 've said, " out of it." And they lumber him along to the C.I.D. room.

" Listen," says one of them, " I 'm going to charge you. William Kennedy, I am a police officer and I am taking you into custody on a charge of feloniously receiving a sum of money well knowing it to have been stolen from So-and-So's Bank, Islington, and I warn you that anything you say may be written down and used as evidence at your trial."

Well, it was all up. They 'd got him dead to rights. One of Big Harry's pals had done a bank stick-up and it was part of the stolen dough they used to pay him off with. Yeah, he didn't stand a chance. Three stretch they-give him. Blimey, what a laugh, what a laugh.

Okay, son, okay, I 'll buy you that tea and a pie now. How 'd I come to know so much about it all ? Simple, son, simple. I 'm the little old geezer done the printing.

THE END.

DON'T TAKE HALF-WAY MEASURES WITH A HEADACHE

If you want to get rid of a headache, get rid of it properly. Don't just ease the pain for half an hour and leave the cause alone. Practically every headache, whether it comes from too much work or worry, or stuffy rooms or smoking too much or even drinking too much, is really caused by what doctors call an acid condition.

To get really well, to have a clear head and a brain that 's alert and active, to prevent that headache coming on again, you 've got to counteract that acidity and ' Bromo-Seltzer ' is the way to do it.

A sparkling refreshing glass of ' Bromo-Seltzer ' shifts the worst headache in a few seconds and at the same time definitely counteracts excess acidity. Remember ' Bromo-Seltzer ' contains no aspirin and it has no awkward laxative effect. It 's a grand two-fold remedy for Headaches, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Tiredness, Indigestion and the effects of too much work, worry, smoking, drinking, etc.

Get a 1/3 bottle of ' Bromo-Seltzer ' from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Heppells or any chemist to-day. If you don't find it the best headache cure you ever tried, get your money back.

The Quickest and Best way to cure any type of headache —a sparkling glass of

BROMO-SELTZER

Contains NO Aspirin

Straightening and shortening of nose before and after.

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Conceded by the cultured and artistic to be the nose without flaw. Seen in profile, its delicate refined lines express distinction.

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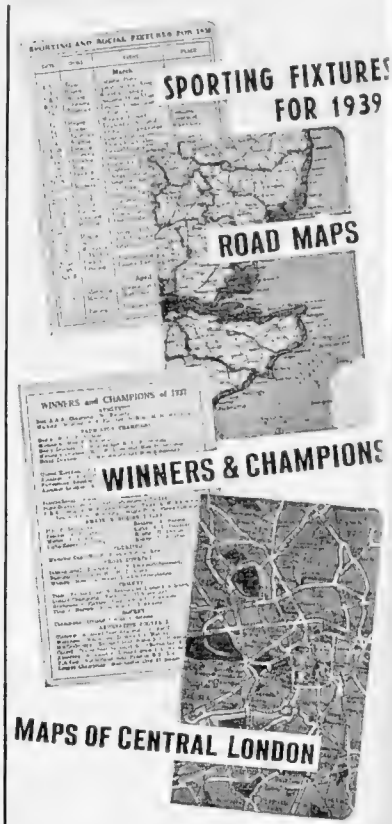

The 1939 edition of " The Sporting and Dramatic " Fixture Pocket Diary contains much information useful to the Sportsman and Motorist. It is bound in leatherette. Copies can be obtained from The Publisher (address below). Price 6D. post free.

The ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC
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The tight frilled bodice and the flared crinoline skirt have come straight out of the old family album, but the figure is her own. Great grandmama could never have achieved this slim athletic line without the high-pressure help of a sturdy lady's maid, but *she* achieves it by watching her diet and her drinks. Her cocktail for example is always a Gin and Lime because she knows that the girl who insists on Rose's Lime Juice today avoids a headache and a Rubens contour tomorrow.

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Friend of the penniless, the young, the old, the sick, the friendless, the fatherless . . . . The friend quietly waiting everywhere to help and cheer the unfortunate . . . The Salvation Army.

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Gifts and Enquiries welcomed by

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101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

THE SALVATION ARMY

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes (17th Year)

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, 1939, will be held at Hesketh, Lancashire, by kind invitation, April 18th to April 21st.
Also N.P.F.A. competition.

Holders: Mrs. H. Somerville and Miss D. Green.

HOTELS

The address of Miss Helme during the Foursomes will be PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL, SOUTHPORT. *'Phone:* Southport 4131. Special terms to competitors there will be—
14s. 6d. per day inclusive of dinner, bed, baths, breakfast.
17s. 6d. ditto, with afternoon tea and table d'hôte luncheon in addition.

Special terms quoted by other Hotels at Southport are—
Hesketh Park Hydro Hotel (nearest to course): from 12s. 6d. per day, all meals inclusive.
Kenworthy's Hydro Hotel, Southport: 12s. 6d. per day, dinner, bed and breakfast.
Palace Hotel, Birkdale: 12s. 6d. per day, dinner, bed and breakfast. 15s. 6d. per day, all meals.
Sandhurst Private Hotel, Southport: 9s. 6d. per day, dinner bed and breakfast.
Smedley Hydro Hotel, Southport: 14s. 6d. per day, all meals.

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes N.P.F.A. Competition (8th Year)

Holder of Challenge Trophy: Mrs. Stephenson.

In conjunction with the Bystander Northern Foursomes, a Score Competition, open only to entrants for the Foursomes, and those on the waiting-list, will be held, by the courtesy of the Club, at Hesketh during the Foursomes, for the Challenge Trophy kindly presented by Mrs. Dunlop Hill. Half-a-crown entrance for the first card, 1s. for each subsequent card. The whole of these fees will be sent to the N.P.F.A.; 25% to the Lancashire branch if the total exceeds £10.

The Trophy will be given for the best card, singles, 18 holes under handicap, returned by a competitor who has been beaten prior to the semi-finals, or who entered for the Foursomes and was put on the waiting-list. A scratch prize will also be given.

Competitors may take out and return as many cards as they wish from Tuesday, April 18th, to Friday, April 21st, inclusive. Starting arrangements will be posted at the Club.

Play under certified L.G.U. handicaps. The first card taken out each day counts as an L.G.U. Open Meeting score for reduction of handicap, which will take effect for subsequent rounds, provided the competitor has not played over the course earlier in the day.

Ties to be decided on the last nine holes; further ties on the last six, last three, or as the Golf Editor and the Hon. Sec., Hesketh, may decide.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30. L.G.U. couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the Bystander reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps, and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, March 31st.

In the event of any player's partner failing, she may substitute another up to the time of starting play if she notifies Miss Helme of the change in writing as soon as possible. Or she may ask to be given a partner if one is available.

Alteration of handicap should also be notified at once.

The Bystander reserves the right to close the entry list before March 31st should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples, and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament. The eight pairs with the lowest joint handicaps will be seeded.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners, and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

HESKETH **NO ENTRANCE FEE**

THE "BYSTANDER" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (Seventeenth Year)

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, March 31st.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes—Hesketh, on April 18th, 1939, and following days.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address.....

.....*Telephone number*.....

To play in the above handicap foursomes with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address.....

.....*Telephone number*.....

Please notify change of partner, handicap, or address in writing to Miss Helme, as above, or, after April 14th, to Prince of Wales Hotel, Southport. *Telegrams and Telephone:* Helme, Southport 4131.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Monthly Golf Spoons and Yearly Challenge Cup

Open to members o clubs affiliated to the Ladies' Golf Union in Great Britain, Ireland and Overseas.

The Bystander awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month, from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places.

One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such a card does not win a spoon under handicap. Ties to be won by the card returned against the higher scratch score, a further tie by the player with the longer handicap. Winning names and scores will appear in the second issue of the paper each month.

Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. handicap purposes (*i.e.*, in Open or County Meetings, L.G.U. Competitions, or as Extra Day scores) during the month are eligible for the competition.

Each card, or true copy, must be signed by the player's partner, and also by the Club Hon. Sec., who must certify the Scratch Score of the course.

The Golf Coupon from any issue of the Bystander during the current month must be attached to the first card sent in by each player during that month. Players may send in as many cards each month as the L.G.U. regulations allow them to take out, but no player can win more than one spoon during any one month, except that a player who wins in the Bronze Division can also subsequently win in the Silver.

Cards from players in Great Britain and Ireland must be sent to the Golf Editor, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so that they reach her not later than the first day of the month following the one in which they are taken out.

Cards from players in the Dominions and from other Overseas clubs affiliated to the L.G.U. must be posted within one week of being taken out, accompanied by the coupon of the month then current in the country of posting. Such cards will be entered for the competition of the month in which they are received. A spoon will be given each month to the best card under handicap from an Overseas player if such card does not win a spoon in the ordinary way.

Yearly Challenge Cup

A Yearly Challenge Cup and memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of Bystander spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in and whether the spoons are handicap, scratch, or Overseas. In the event of a tie, the Cup will go to the player having the best net total on the scores with which she won the spoons: if a further tie, to the best single score, and if a further tie again, to the player whose worst winning score is the least bad.

February Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Guedalla	Addington	74	2	72	75	3 below
Mrs. Nicolson	Barrackpore	86	16	70	73	3 "
Miss B. Pockett	Worthing	77	4	73	75	2 "
Mrs. Brooks	Morecambe	75	4	71	72	1 "
Mrs. Leonard	Jodhpur	83	14	69	70	1 "
Mrs. Crabbe	Barrackpore	84	11	73	73	All square
Miss Southam	Walmer & Kingsdown	76	1	75	74	1 above
Miss Regnart	Addington	80	4	76	75	1 "
Miss Spencer	Northamptonshire	86	9	77	76	1 "
Miss Shipman	Bowdon	86	10	76	75	1 "
Mrs. Oswald	Prestbury and Upton	93	17	76	75	1 above
Miss Dixon	Cleveland	85	9	76	74	2 "
Mrs. Milne	Barrackpore	87	12	75	73	2 "
Mrs. Yates	North Hants	87	12	75	73	2 "
Mrs. J. B. Watson	Gullane	78	+1	79	76	3 "

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Caddick	Barrackpore	94	29	65	73	8 below
Mrs. Hawkes	Camberley Heath	91	25	66	73	7 "
Mrs. Milne	Walmer & Kingsdown	98	31	67	74	7 "
Mrs. D. F. Hay	Jodhpur	91	26	65	70	5 "
Mrs. Maclean	Calcutta	104	36	68	72	4 "
Mrs. Galloway	Goodwood	105	35	70	73	3 "
Mrs. McWilliam	Barrackpore	90	19	71	73	2 "
Mrs. C. Thomson	Wallasey	103	32	71	73	2 "
Mrs. Kennedy	North Hants	103	32	71	73	2 "
Mrs. Robertson	Addington	106	33	73	75	2 "
Miss MacLagen	Camberley Heath	104	33	71	73	2 "
Miss R. Jackson	Belton Park	91	19	72	73	1 "
Mrs. Wallace	Belton Park	95	22	73	73	All square
Miss Madge Saunders	Addington	101	26	75	75	" "
Miss J. Hanson	West Bradford	102	31	71	71	" "

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the Bystander *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* Bystander *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Sec. of the Club must sign the card* **and certify the scratch score of the course.** *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON MARCH

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News & Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—Wednesday, March 15, 1939. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
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The Dorchester

I SEE that the Press has taken to referring to Henry Sherek's returns to London now as " visits." He certainly seems to spend almost as much time abroad looking for the best acts, as here in London putting them on at the Dorchester. Come April, you 're going to see a colossal, new and different show there.

Meanwhile, two nights ago the present company turned into the last lap of the long and enormously successful run of " Design for Laughter." Variations, for the last big month, are new songs and costumes for The Girls. Ditto for Vera Haal, who must set a severe standard for later Miss Americas to come up to in beauty and talent. Vic Oliver is at the top of his form as compère and benign idiot. And Sherek has produced out of his hat a fascinating Marionette Act, Nelson's Novelettes.

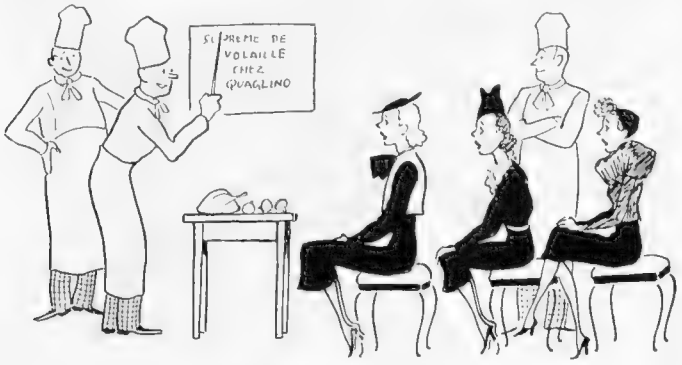
This last not only has the charm which is implicit in marionettes. It is also a completely baffling tour de force in the Maskelyne and Devant manner. You could suspend disbelief for the Great Gabbo. Charlie McCarthy hardly leaves you boggling. But when you see a puppet on strings blowing

From all parts of the U.S.A.

up a balloon and smoking a cigarette, it 's time to overhaul your values. Go and see this. It 's worth your money, I 'd say, even apart from Oliver, Haal and The Girls. To say nothing of as luxurious a supper as you 'll find in London. And Jack Jackson, and dancing among the élite. Spring finds the Dorchester heavy with offerings for your especial pleasure.

Quaglino's

THOSE of you who dine around in the great houses of London, especially in what Sydney Smith chose as his " Parallelogram," may have noticed recently novel tinges of seemingly Quaglino excellence in what the butlers bring to you. This probably means that the lady, chef or cook (or all three) of the house have been attending the new Course of Cookery Lessons at Quaglino's, in Bury Street itself. They 've been going since the middle of last month. Every Monday and Friday, from 4 to 5 p.m. Three great chefs of the Quaglino régime attend at each lesson, Louis and Calderoni from the restaurant, and Grassien from L'Apéritif.



Fashionable cookery class

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"QUAGLINO'S"
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L'APERITIF GRILL

In response to numerous requests made by patrons — we are holding Cookery Classes in our Kitchens twice weekly, since Monday the 20th February, 1939, from 4 p.m. till 5 p.m. every Monday and Friday.

The charge for a Course of Six Lessons is £3 - 3s. or £5 - 5s. for a Course of 12 Lessons.

Lessons by
MAITRE LOUIS
(Cav. L. Vergano)
Who was 10 years Head Chef at Quaglino's.

CAV. B. CALDERONI
Present Chef at Quaglino's.

MONSIEUR GRASSIEN
Chef at L'Aperitif Grill.

Please apply for further information to
The Manager, Quaglino's, Bury St., W.1.

THE NEW Queens brasserie

Bierkeller, Tyrolean Laendler Band. Open every night until 12.30. Fully Licensed. London's latest rendezvous. Luncheon—inclusive charge of 3/6 for choice of full menu

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Good Food and Finest Wines
Quiet Atmosphere

MATINEE LUNCHEON 4/6
SPECIAL DINNER 6/6
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ENTRANCE IN
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This fine old Irish whisky, mellowed and softened by ten well-spent years in the wood, is the choice of the connoisseur at home and abroad, thanks to its uniform quality and absolute purity. Ask for "Paddy" next time. It's bottled only by the distillers.

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Drambuie

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD'S LIQUEUR

The ideal liqueur to sip after dinner . . . its intriguing flavour appeals to men and women alike. Drambuie was first made in the Isle of Skye in 1745 and has since achieved world-wide popularity. It is the perfect restorative and possesses valuable digestive properties.

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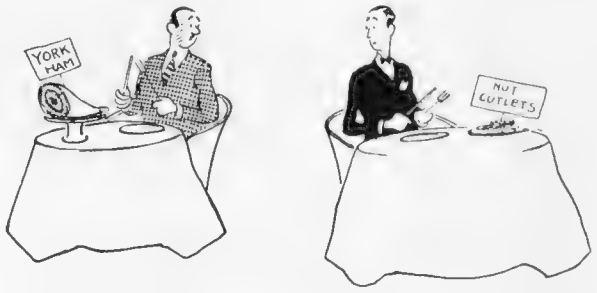
And they're not lectures only, either. They'll show you how to carve, prepare, serve and even buy your food. They'll let you practise under their mild and magnificent eyes, these three, and they'll help you to see the balance between science and art that produces great cooking.

Little green pamphlets that you'll find on the tables when you go to Quaglino's or L'Apéritif for your meals will tell you more of the details. And, of course, you can ring up and have it all by word of mouth.

It is something new in Restaurant news, this. For a surprisingly small outlay, you can inject into your home cooking the touch of three master hands . . . for ever. Bravissimo!

Hatchett's

Of course, Boscasso has brought it on himself. He and the men who plot Hatchett's progress. They made over the restaurant some time ago to a décor of blue and gold, with flowers in abundance, soft carpets and perfect service. And they must not now be surprised that women have taken the place to their hearts. The young and the pretty especially, and in the evenings in particular. In consequence, some alterations are appearing in that enormous menu. Salads such as delight the palates, purses and health-charts of young lovelies are daily offerings. Vegetarian dishes are there for the asking. "Suggested Ladies' Dishes." Lighter plats du jour than were thought of in the old "damme" masculine days. And light wines are recommended at tables



Two points of view

where previously the weightiest vintages were ordered gruffly, to wash down the weightiest viands.

It's a charming Hatchett's, and I, for one, infinitely prefer the new to the old. The new menu, for instance (prices scaled down noticeably), is a more simple, more explicit à la carte call to the keen or hungry luncher and diner. The great special, braised ham, continues round the year, but, for the rest, there is a new special for lunch and dinner of each day.

And still (*verb sap*) that wine list!

Kempinski's

It was about time that our artist featured M. Albert in deathless line. He is such a feature of Kempinski's. He comes from a series of fine places (including Prunier's and Boulestin's) to be maître now in Swallow Street. And he has brought with him some special ways of doing special dishes that are winning new fame in a new setting. Ask for a saddle of hare (always excellent at K.'s), and M. Albert will personally make it "flambée" at your table. Ask for pancake, and stand back for Crêpe Albert. Six liqueurs are mixed cunningly into its preparation, absinthe not the least of them. That, too, flames gloriously on to your plate. Yes, M. Albert is an acquisition.

Menu prices generally are a shade lower than heretofore. The quick 3/6 set lunch of three courses (with wide choices) finds many takers.

And in the evening (remember for after theatre) Fred Aspinall and Jean Melville are superb entertainers on two pianos. Each is a first-class straight pianist in his and her own right. Each is as good a swing and dance pianist. Each sings, and each plays the fool for good measure. I doubt you'd find that sort of combination easily anywhere. They are hugely popular at Kempinski's, and their variety is infinite; which again suits the K. clientèle, many of whom are back in their places night after night.

Albert of Kempinski's

From Cresta to Cresta

The New Queen's

If you 're a pale-face without benefit of a winter-sports holiday this year, and you want to be made thoroughly envious, drop into the "Cresta" Bar on the ground level of the New Queen's in Leicester Square at cocktail, oyster or sandwich time. There will you see the warriors recently returned from the snows. Their arms may be in slings, their legs in plaster of Paris; but their faces will be wreathed in dark-brown smiles. It 's become that sort of gathering place, the "Cresta."

The oysters are still a great draw. So are the Scandinavian sandwiches and the American hamburgers. The place for snacks before the cinema. And you 'll return afterwards to the Bierkeller downstairs for a savoury and some beer.

For lunches and dinners the Bierkeller houses its hundreds daily. The band (under the command of the suave Java) turns out luscious music, which goes well with the food. Few of you can have missed going there by this time. The difficulty is to get yourself away from it in time for your board meeting or other dates. Such comfort, such informality and good cheer.

You 'll have gathered that I like the Bierkeller and all that goes with it. EDAX.

Opening the Quaglino School

Lady Veronica Hornby, sister of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, opened the Cookery School at Quaglino's. Here she is with the founder, Signor G. Quaglino (behind her), and the three professors, Cav. L. Vergano, Cav. B. Calderoni, and M. Grassien, the chef at L'Aperitif Grill. More news of the school will be found in Edax's article

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(Two entirely different Shows)

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Extension Night now Wednesday

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KEMPINSKI'S

The most cosmopolitan restaurant in Mayfair, where a seventy-five years' tradition in the classic art of cooking is maintained by the famed Messrs. Hans and G. Kempinski. In the evening Jean Melville and Fred Aspinall, sensation on two pianos, will entertain you in the Savarin room. You may also dance after 10 p.m. Castelly and his piano and Marjorie Dale, the singing Cigarette Girl, will enchant and amuse you with their diversions in the tavern.

99/101, REGENT STREET (SWALLOW STREET). REGent 1686/7.

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Pearl Freeman

Maxine Cornelius

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs Cecil Cornelius, of 97, Linden Gardens, W.2. She will be married in the summer to Ian Gordon Mactear, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Mactear, of 76, Cheyne Court, S.W.3, and grandson of Sir George Shenton, of Perth, Australia

Speaight

Ursula Margaret West

Is engaged to Captain John Roger Cordy-Simpson, 13th/18th Hussars, son of the late Major R. Cordy-Simpson, and Mrs. Bullock-Marsham, of Home Farm, Shrivenham, Berks. Her parents are Major and Mrs. A. T. West, of Barcote Manor, Faringdon, Berks.

Kay Vaughan

Felicia Riese

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Riese, of 133, Hamilton Terrace, N.W. 8. She has announced her engagement to Dr. Murray Russel Laing, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Laing, of Blythewood, Ontario, Canada

Cannons of Hollywood

Cecily Robinson

Is the daughter of the late John Oakshott Robinson and Mrs. Robinson, of Hindhead, Surrey. She is marrying on April 1st Lieut.-Com. Harry C. R. Alexander, R.N., of H.M.S. Royal Sovereign, eldest son of the late Lieut.-Col. C. H. Alexander and Donna Lyta Alexander

Kay Vaughan

Helen Graham Arnould

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Arnould, of Old Court House, Battle, Sussex, and is engaged to Gerald Hay Spence, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Spence, of Waldron, Bromley, Kent

Lenare

Diana George

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip George, of Barrow Gurney, Somerset. She has announced her engagement to Hugh Cam Hobhouse, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Hobhouse, of Oakhill, Somerset

Pearl Freeman

Sheila Scully

Is the daughter of Mrs. I. B. Blackwood, of Ross-on-Wye, Herefordshire, and 26, Forset Court, W.2. She will be married in the summer to Henry Stanger Bouchier, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Bouchier, of Oldham, and nephew of Lily Brayton (Mrs. Chalmers Watson)

Fayer

Margot Brand

Is engaged to Leslie Gerald Chance, son of the late Sir Arthur Chance, of 90, Merrion Square, Dublin. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Brand, of Harecombe, Crowborough, Sussex

Polyfoto

Isla Irving

Is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Bell Irving, of Beanlands, Crosby-on-Eden, Cumberland, and is engaged to Frederick Gloag, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gloag, of Bonhard, Perth

Lenare

Jean Margaret Reid

Is the daughter of the late Sir Marshall Reid and Lady Reid, of Belton, Camberley, Surrey, and is engaged to Lionel John Graham-Clarke, Coldstream Guards, son of Captain and Mrs. John Graham-Clarke, of Frocester Manor, Glos.

Dorothy Wilding

Audrey Croslegh

Is to be married on May 12th to Bruce Donald Fraser, son of Major-Gen. Sir Theodore Fraser and the late Mrs. Fraser. She is the daughter of Lt.-Col. E. L. Croslegh and the late Mrs. Croslegh, and lives at 112, Collingwood House, Dolphin Square, S.W.1

Pearl Freeman

Ernestine May Walker

Is engaged to John Marcus Neal, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Marcus Neal, of Lathbury House, Peterboro'. She is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. Alec Walker, of Fox Wall, Lonthorpe, Northants.

(Concluded on page F)

What will succeed the "Crinoline"?

the newest "line" from Paris

(*Model Gowns, First Floor*)

We have chosen this lovely evening gown to illustrate the latest "line." The knife-pleated skirt and softly-draped corsage are finely embroidered with dull sequins. 18½ Gns.

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1

Getting Married *(Continued from page D)*

Harlip

Sidney Montgomery

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Montgomery, of Beaulieu, Drogheda, Co. Louth. She is being married in Ireland on Easter Tuesday to Nesbit W. Waddington, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Waddington, of 156, Sloane Square, S.W.1

Fayer

Marcia Smyth-Osbourne

Is engaged to Basil Eugster, Irish Guards, eldest son of the late Lieut.-Col. O. L. Eugster and Mrs. Eugster, of Kempston Hoo, Bedford. She is the elder daughter of Air Commodore and Mrs. P. Smyth-Osbourne, of Holmedown, Exbourne, Devon

Sykes — Gower

Anthony Edmund Sykes, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Sykes, of Highfield, Watford, Herts., and Joan Kathleen Gower, daughter of Sir Patrick and Lady Gower, of Wick Hall, Hove, Sussex, were married at Christ Church, Victoria Street. Sir Patrick Gower is Chief Publicity Officer at the Conservative Central Office

Lenare

Louise Corrie

Is engaged to Martin Roundell, younger son of C. F. Roundell, of 15, Sussex Square, W.2, and the late Lady Maude Roundell. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. W. G. Corrie, of Furleigh, South Brent, Devon

Lenare

Joyce Patricia Kingscote

Is the daughter of Capt. Maurice Kingscote, of Callingwood Hall, Burton-on-Trent, and Mrs. V. O. Kingscote, of Pinkney Court, Malmesbury, Wilts. Her fiancé is Hugh Trefusis Brassey, Royal Scots Greys, son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Edgar Brassey, of Dauntsey Park, Chippenham, Wilts.

Lemon — Kentish

Richard Dawnay Lemon, only son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Lemon, of Four Mile House, Ruddington, Notts., and Sylvia Kentish, only daughter of Major and Mrs. Kentish, of Pipers, Great Kingshill, Bucks., were married at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens

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STRIKING TWO-PIECE. Dress in striped jersey cleverly worked, and the coat in plain jersey to tone. In black / gold, black / white, navy / white, nigger / white. PRICE **10½ gns.**

A PERFECTLY TAILORED SUIT in novelty jersey cloth handsomely trimmed with natural ocelot fur. In brown, black. PRICE **12½ gns.**

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5½ Gns.

Derry & Toms
Kensington W

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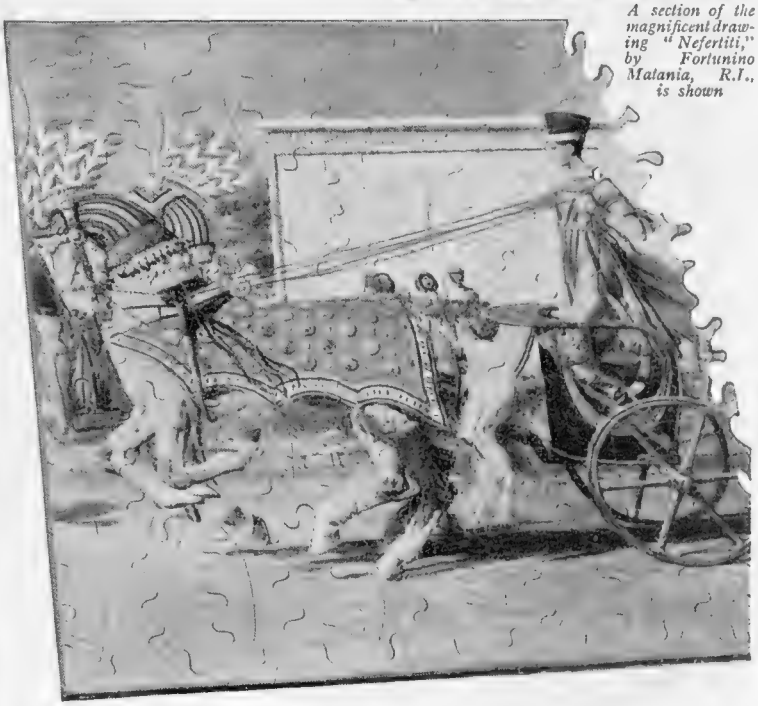

A section of the magnificent drawing "Nefertiti," by Fortunino Matania, R.I., is shown

To keep the children out of mischief . . . to amuse and entertain the convalescent. With a Jig-Saw in the house you have an entertaining and amusing companion always. From the pages of the world-renowned ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS have been selected a number of magnificent colour drawings by the most eminent artists of the day. The subjects, of general and of historical interest, have been reprinted as Jig-Saw puzzles, and are now offered for the first time. These Jig-Saws measure 16 in. by 12 in.—they are magnificently printed and permanently mounted on plywood. And, so that you can store your puzzles neatly, they are packed in strongly made book-cover boxes: just the thing for your bookcase or bookshelf. At 3s. 6d. each the puzzles make an ideal Gift at all times and will afford many years of pleasure.

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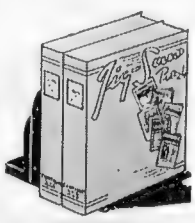

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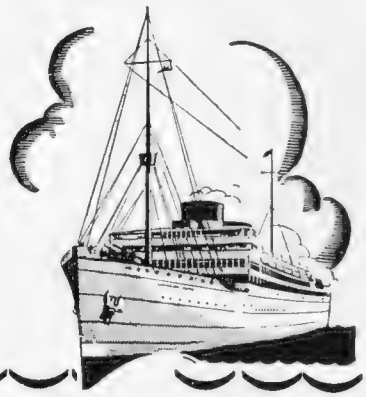

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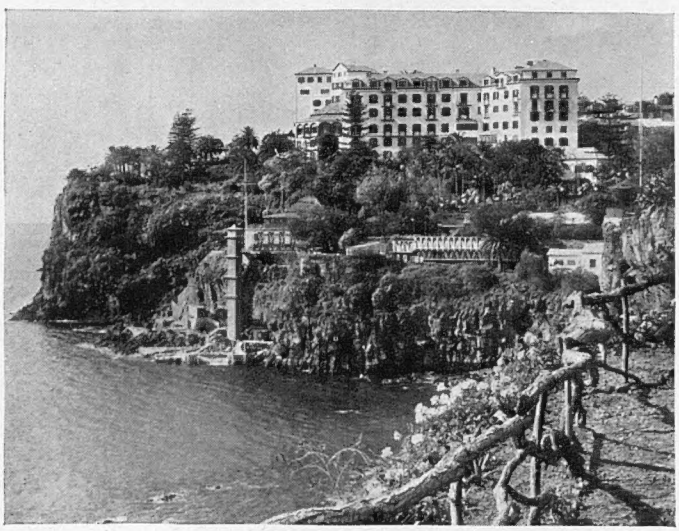

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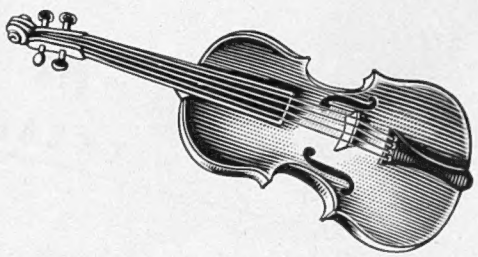

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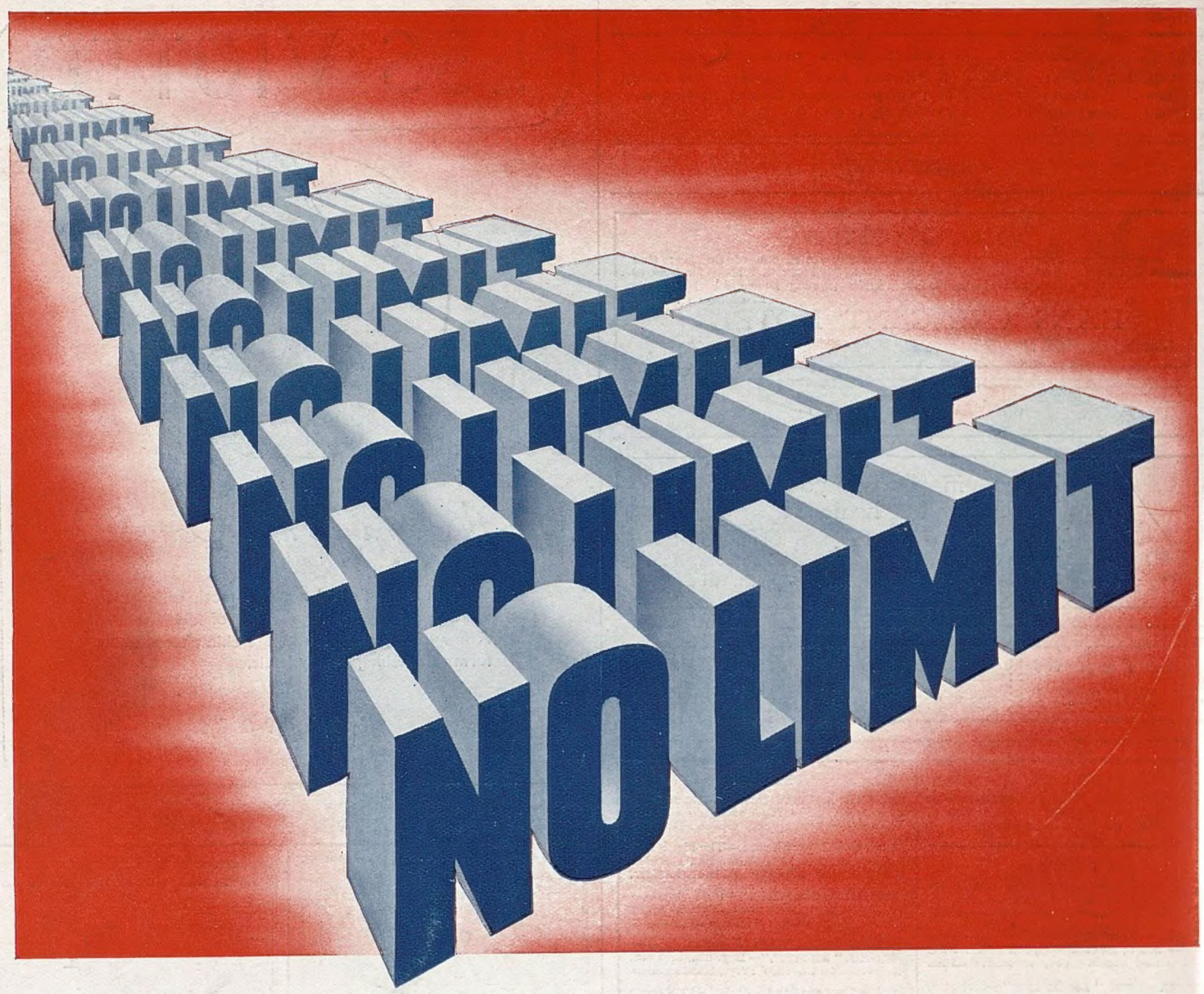

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